IN PORTS AFAR

EDWIN A. SCHELL

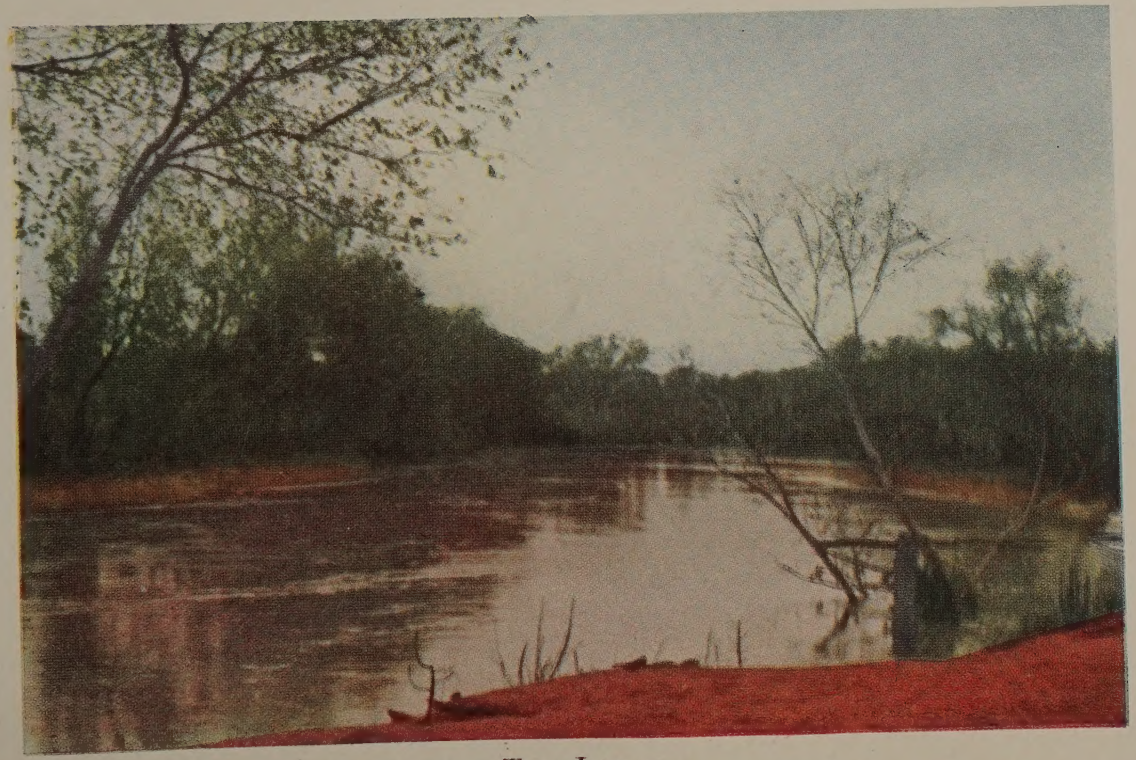
SC
977.4
Sch

3 0050 02203 9472

Robert Roach

given to
Max Stanley
Nov - 1974

J-13-02



THE JORDAN.

IN PORTS AFAR

By

EDWIN A. SCHELL

THE ABINGDON PRESS

New York Cincinnati

Copyright, 1914,
By Edwin A. Schell

TO

Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Musser,

TRAVELERS ACROSS ALL MERIDIANS OF LONGITUDE,
GRACIOUS IN HOSPITALITY,
GENEROUS AS PROSPEROUS,
PERSONAL FRIENDS
AND FRIENDS OF MY WORK, THE COLLEGE,
WITH GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
I.	Foreword and Wanderlust,	9
II.	Two Weeks with the Greek Army,	29
III.	The Ways of Trade,	44
IV.	The Country of Jesus,	67
V.	England All the Way,	84
VI.	The Great Circle of India—I,	98
VII.	The Great Circle of India—II,	120
VIII.	Half Way,	137
IX.	The Great American Adventure,	154
X.	Education in the Philippines,	168
XI.	Content and Per Contra,	181
XII.	The Fourteenth Amendment in the Philippines,	193
XIII.	Funeral, Feast, and Function,	211
XIV.	The Modern Antony,	223
XV.	America and Japan,	236
XVI.	Trans-Pacific,	252

IN PORTS AFAR

Chapter I

FOREWORD AND WANDERLUST

THE "wanderlust," like religion, is soul blown in the race. Some subtle taint from the migratory experiences of mankind remains as an infection of yearning and restlessness in us all. It does not need the advertisements of travel, pictures of galleries, tales of adventure, or maps of battlefields to lure one abroad. It is innate, like honor, courage, and the instinct to command. The mountains that lift themselves into the sky, the stars on which we gaze, and the seas over which we rush are the same age after age; likewise the desire to see them renews itself in every generation, and just as each man by some noble capacity may expand into knowledge of God and love and duty, so each heart opens to the curiosity and inquiry of what is beyond. Disappointment does not obliterate it, nor time heal it. No matter how long repressed by the discipline of life, it is yet like some latent bud ready to flower at opportunity. The Odyssey, Æneid, Anabasis fan it like a blow-pipe; some pic-

ture of Balboa overlooking the Pacific, some headline of Stanley breathless from the vast interior of Africa, or Peary, hooded and deep-chested from the frozen pole, summons us like some call of the wild, and renews the vows of our youth,

> "To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
> Of all the western stars, until I die."

Doubtless you have seen America from the Maine woods to the utmost fringes of Alaska; feasted your eyes on the gorgeous colorings of the Yellowstone and Grand Cañon; followed the trails and heard the voices of Yosemite, and pierced every pass in the Rockies, from Banff to the Royal Gorge; have followed the beaten path over Europe, and rode in a Pullman through Mexico; but still, like Ulysses, you feel,

> "I can not rest from travel."

Then some day comes a strange official envelope without a postage stamp, as though you had been appointed postmaster. It invited you to lecture for a whole month as a Government official to the Teachers' Assembly, Baguio, at the end of the Benguet Road, in the far-away mountain province of Luzon, and incidentally view Corregidor and

The Teachers' Camp at Baguio, Luzon.

Manila Bay, that already bulk so large in American history; Chicago University professors have preceded you, a doctor professor from Columbia will be your colleague; it is the first invitation extended to a denominational college president; will you go? The archbishop, who is neighbor at Ludington-on-the-Lake, knowing Washington and what Uncle Sam's commission means, says, "Of course." His younger colleague, fresh from the day's work and ready for the day's sport, remarks, "Such invitations come only to a few and once in a lifetime," both of which help to confirm the adventure as an opportunity. Then, once we had offered ourselves for foreign work, only to be rejected and the appointment given to another; and, though always encouraging missions and preaching about them, it was in the vague fashion those are compelled to use who speak without personal knowledge. The circumnavigation trip would give opportunity to cross India, visit some one of its villages, sojourn in the leading stations, attend a Conference, touch China, talk with the leading missionaries, and thus get a student's view of the missionary idea, rather than a hotel view with which most travelers are satisfied. This would

bring us to the actual residences of no less than seven Iowa Wesleyan alumni who, following the lead of Dr. Vernon and Miss Lawson, have volunteered for service on the picket line of missions. One of our daughters is given to the same work. We could inspect also the great colonies of France, Algiers, Tunis, and Indo-China; would see Egypt, India and the Straits Settlements, the principal colonies of England, and thus be able intelligently to estimate the worth and spirit of our own adventure in the Philippines.

And so it came about that on a mid-winter day, lofty with anticipation after a day with the Welcome Hall Settlement, Buffalo, in charge of Dr. William E. McLennan, we make the rounds of the big Fifth Avenue building, say good-bye to Homer Eaton for the last time on earth, and, with a former student to take a farewell snapshot, we sail out past Sandy Hook with a bundle of steamer letters in our hands and a blur of mist and love in our eyes.

The world was present when New York was founded, and it remains truly cosmopolitan. Its geographical situation determines its greatness. Every European event affects its fortunes, the

growth of every State in the Union contributes to its prosperity; it is unchallengeably the greatest harbor on the planet; it is in the east, and therefore rising; it is by the sea, and from it we may take a swift sea-chariot to the ends of the earth, or the smoking steam demon to Mexico City or Puget Sound. That big five-masted schooner is bound for Rio; the one racing neck and neck with it is off for New Zealand. American Liner, Cunarder, Nord-Deutscher, Hamburger Nachrichten, Spaniard, Frenchman, all sail for the Mediterranean the same day, almost the same hour. We wonder why more cabins are not taken on our ship; she is booked for Naples, but is bound for Patras, and will reach the Italian port five days late. New Yorkers know and the Naples steerage inquirer learns, but we do not. Husbands wait for wives and children five days at Naples, and wives for husbands; there is inconvenience, broken journeys, and general dissatisfaction. The men who control the line let you ship, wire you for your passage money, and then, months after, coolly write:

"All steamship companies' sailing schedules are 'subject to change without notice;' furthermore, we

are covered by clause No. 2 of the passage contract, which reads as follows:

" 'The vessel shall have liberty to deviate from the direct or customary course—the company does not assume responsibility for missing a connection with other steamships.' "

Thus their Chicago agent. In the language of Holy Writ, "Go not thou in the way with them."

So we do not see Naples again, nor inspect our mission there, nor join *dextram ad dextram* with the Greenmans; we buy no cameos, nor bring back the bronzes which we know are waiting for us, and just where. It is less loss because when the world was young we had traveled across Campania, looked out across the bay, located the ancient Baiæ, where the Romans, to the indignation of Horace, built their palaces out into the sea; had seen Cumæ, and Virgil's tomb, and even fancied the exact spot where the Alexandrian cornship with Paul on board had dropped its anchor. It is yet like a picture veiled in a golden haze, into which all colors and hopes resolve themselves. It is an event in any man's lifetime to come upon the footsteps of St. Paul, as it was an event to Latin, Jew, and pagan to have him come to Rome. It was

the accomplishment of a purpose long held in his mind, though not attained as he had expected. In the days of the Cæsars a crossroad led to Capua, there joining the Appian Way. Yearning to help Rome, chained to a Roman legionary, St. Paul marches along the Alban slopes matching his spirit calmly against the Roman legions and empire. His own countrymen will not hear him, but he preaches to the soldiers in the barracks; exclusiveness dies hard, but it was dying even then; it was the last chance of the Jew; rabbis who will not make terms with Christ must pass into silence and oblivion. The Greeks and Romans who crowded the forum gave him no hearing, only contemptuous indifference; but heathenism was wounded to the heart at his coming, and no forum could hold the myriads who now read the letters of the captivity. It took the Mamertine to give us the Epistles to Timothy, but they are worth it. Many an old hero of the faith still turns on his last pillow with the words of the imprisoned Paul on his lips, "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith."

There is a special charm in sailing for the Mediterranean. The North Atlantic route, involving

as it does a shorter voyage, according to the mathematics of the great circle, and bringing us direct to our blood Norse brothers, the English and the German, is much more used. But the romance of sea history belongs to a journey in lower latitudes. The ship follows the forty-first parallel until it approaches the Portuguese coast, thence south for Gibraltar and Algiers. The great mariners of history all sailed the same waters. Phœnicians, Carthagenians, Greeks, Romans, Norsemen, Italians, Spaniards, French, English, all have pointed their ships over the same sea, by the same stars, and sailed or drifted into the Azores. Here passed Columbus "Westward Ho," and Santa Cruz, famous marquis, greatest of the Spanish admirals, who took his title from the Bay of Santa Cruz; here sailed Drake, pirate and wrecker of Spanish galleons and, according to Lope de Vega's "Dragontea," the Dragon of the Apocalypse. Rodney, Decatur, Nelson, and others of whose names history is full, all burning with the fires of hope and purpose, have seen these shores rise into sight and sink below the horizon. Their eyes, like mine, saw Draco winding among the stars of the Bear, best known of the northern constellations, and the Dip-

per make its nightly circuit about the pole. Their little ships serve as models in the museums now, and their faded portraits hang on the walls of the galleries men travel abroad to see, but their great names are a part of that perpetual heritage with which the past endows the present.

The weather is much warmer than we had expected for a winter voyage, and we walk our five miles daily, play shuffle-board and deck golf, read and get acquainted with our fellow passengers sitting about in steamer chairs. Chess is a fine game for a long voyage. Sea travel affords the leisure chess requires. A German and an East-shore Marylander played a game every evening after dinner in the reading-room. Their games averaged two hours in length. Temperamentally both were fitted for the game: phlegmatic, tenacious, and with a certain military fire and dash at times. We watched them by the hour, and once, when the German was all but checkmated, he used the same moves we had seen Bishop FitzGerald use in an almost similar impassé. No one better than the good bishop knew how to use the knight for purposes of attack, and he had a subtle sense of values that told him when it was profit and when loss to

exchange a bishop for the knight. Every game was a campaign to him, and he carried it all in his mind. He alone of all the men it has been my profit to know could perfectly play chess without board or pieces. He could begin with queen's pawn to queen's third, and through the most involved game know the exact location of every pawn and piece. That marked one of his aptitudes for the episcopal office. When there were three hundred appointments to make, each of the presiding elders knew their part of them—or let us hope and suppose they did—but he knew them all and carried them all in his great, frictionless mind. Just as Bishop Walden had a genius for figures, and would have made a great chancellor of the exchequer, so Bishop FitzGerald had a talent for administration. Few chess experts played the game better, and no bishop ever made uniformly better appointments. Some of the Conferences were in almost open revolt at his refusal to move men at the end of the first year. Young men from the colleges and on their way to preferment and conspicuous places, he thought, could afford to go back for a second year; the bishop believed that to move men in the rank and file at the end of

the first year meant, without exception, that the man was inefficient. In his theory men who moved every year ought to study to increase their efficiency, learn how to stay acceptably or leave the itinerancy. The settled pastorate to him was putting the king in the "castle."

And following these games forward on the lookout, and in the silent solitude of night and sea, unanswerable questions thrust themselves upon us unasked. Are men like queen, bishop, knight, rook, and pawn, lifted here and there and placed by some skillful player's hand, traded, pocketed, or lost by capture for the general good in some great "game," or do we by native force, training, and happy use of adventitious moments become "pieces," and no longer pawns; like the queen moving all ways, or as a bishop narrowed to the white or black diagonal, or as the knight with his two paces forward and one to the right, while others lacking the force, teacher, or circumstance, remain pawns? Either conclusion is preferable to the theory that we are subject to chance. Yet the first hypothesis challenges liberty, and the second mediates against justice. The one leans toward authority, and the other tends toward democracy.

Yet in the singular sciences predicated upon them respectively, theology and politics, we are left at last to choose our own creed and elect our own governors. Two things germane to each hypothesis seem plain; first, that it is comforting to believe that we are put upon particular squares by the guiding authority of an unseen hand, and second, that there is no success possible to men, churches, or nations but in finding their real superiors and obeying them.

Parallel to this is Kant's question as to whether a necessary condition of existence is to have had being in space and time. For example, is Julius Cæsar more to us because he actually lived, and is Ben-Hur less because he is the creature of the imagination of General Wallace? Cæsar surely would be less to us were he not embellished by the historical fancy of Plutarch and the imaginative faculty of Shakespeare. But what is the test of Reality? Does it, in the case of Cæsar, lie in the proof that he walked the Forum, or in the imagination of his contemporaries and of after-times? Would Ben-Hur be a greater "reality" had he actually served in the galleys, walked in the grove of Daphne, and won the chariot race? He was

not subject to conditions of space and time, but he has been actually created, unless creation is purely physical, and not psychical nor moral. Boys are named after him, a fraternal insurance company every week celebrates his courage and virtues in a ritual, and as you pass through Crawfordsville even now men and women say, "Here Ben-Hur lived." This is not intellectual quibbling; it is the Kantian proof of Christianity. Historical truth is a question of space and time; Reality lies in the recognition which the mind gives as conforming to and representing universal experience. This is the real test of the canonicity of a book. The merit of the Galatians is not that Paul wrote it, but what Paul wrote, and its weight and import as it appeals to me for broadmindedness and charity. If Galatians is more to me than other uncanonical letters, it is because Paul wrote such a message that its answering nobleness appealed to the bishops and believers who composed the Council of Carthage, and who therefore put it in the Canon. So Christianity, having taken possession of the spiritual convictions of mankind by conformity with universal experience, carries with it its own evidence, and every new generation may have—

nay, must have—its own conclusive proof. Such evidence is the only final barrier to formality and indifference, and without it religion becomes a matter of altar-cloths and ritual.

We carried with us besides our guide-books the "Will to Believe," by the late William James, and the eight books of the Odyssey—sixth to the thirteenth, inclusive—recounting the experiences of Ulysses among the Phæacians. It may have been the Greeks on board or the long-determined pleasure of the re-reading, but the story of the Phæacians took on a new meaning as we coasted along in sight of Ætna, Ithaca, and up the Ionian Sea. The big university by the lake, and the academy recitation-room came back as we read, and at the same time we recalled the failure to memorize the first ten lines of the sixth book as attested by the professor's recitation mark. Glancing again at the pages, the billowy hexameters all but recite themselves:

"Ως ὁ μὲν ἔνθα καθεῦδε πολύτλας δῖος Ὀδυσσεὺς
ὕπνῳ καὶ καμάτῳ ἀρημένος. αὐτὰρ Ἀθήνη

Some have thought that in the incident of the Phæacians we have the earliest description of the Phœ-

nician colonies. It is hardly necessary to press such a meaning. It gives opportunity for the extension of princely hospitality to the hero at the time of his sorest need and a resting-place for the recital of his adventures.

The Odyssey, one of the morning poems of literature, is rich in womanly character. Indeed, it is the "eternal feminine" which gives it the heightened approval of every new generation. Even Shakespeare, who lacks so little in any respect, must yield the palm for womanly character to the old Greek bards who sang of Penelope, Arete, and Nausicäa. Miranda is often compared to Nausicäa. Each dwelt in an island home; both are portrayed in that flying moment of girlhood; each has purity, grace, and freshness, with beauty, reserve, and versatility; Shakespeare has drawn Miranda as Homer has drawn Nausicäa, without saying much of her personal charm, which is left for us to interpret, but the simplicity, naïveté, and forcefulness of the Greek maiden seems to me incomparably superior. Ulysses is himself set apart by the word "polutlas," used five times in the Iliad and thirty-five times in the Odyssey. He possessed the beauty of human form which the Greeks did

not retain for the women alone, but bestowed upon all their heroes. There, by the far-resounding sea, we can imagine Robert Browning meeting Elizabeth Barrett, and the address which Ulysses makes to Nausicäa is deserving the comment that Homer makes of it, "Straightway a gracious and winning speech he spake." Beauty was one of the three great gifts of the gods to men, and both the man who speaks and the woman addressed have it. The words need to be winsome; and Homer, whose speeches are everywhere wonderful specimens of eloquence, has never surpassed the admirably contrived appeal which the shipwrecked hero makes to the maiden. Beginning with the assumption that she is a goddess, he likens her to Artemis; but if she is mortal, her beauty must be the joy of all dear to her; anything comparable to it he never saw save once, a springing palm at Delos. Reverence for her beauty is so mingled with his admiration that it sustains and elevates a flattery which would be too open and unblushing in itself. After referring to his former importance in the world and claiming the right of hospitality, he closes with the wish that the gods who persecute him may shower upon her the choicest blessings they have

in store for maiden virtue and maiden hope,—a husband, home, and fondest mutual affection. Only Naomi wishing her daughters-in-law rest in the "house of a husband" equals it. Nausicäa is not outdone by the "wily" traveler, for when at last he departs laden with gifts, she does not underrate the part she took in his welcome, and says with sweetness and dignity,

> "Stranger, farewell! and in thy native land,
> Remember thou hast owed thy life to me."

Her mother, Arete, as well as the daughter and Penelope, are called "*βασίλεια*," which never occurs in the Iliad, and the word betokens the increased influence of women due to the absence of their husbands at Troy and the cares of state devolving upon them. She is even more remarkable than her charming daughter. Fifty maids stand attentive at her slightest call, and she is well known for activity in public matters. She is prophetic of the modern feminine movement, which really is as old as the race, retarded and delayed by the religions of the far East, Brahmanism, Buddhism, and Mohammedanism, and the dreadful crimes against womanhood and childhood which they have counte-

nanced. Arete shares with Alcinous the government of the realm:

> "From their hearts
> Her children pay her reverence, and the king,
> And all the people, for they look on her
> As if she were a goddess. When she goes
> Abroad into the streets, all welcome her
> With acclamations. Never does she fail
> In wise discernment, but decides disputes
> Kindly and justly between man and man."

She has the beauty, the position, and occupation of the wife, and is the second of the incomparable group of women that remain from the Odyssey. Penelope belongs later in the Epic, and makes the third, and though it is not relevant to discuss her, she is the loyal woman who, through all the heart-breaking years, refuses to believe her husband dead, and by the far-reaching spell of her own womanliness holds the wanderer against all Circes and Calypsos, who would retain him for their own immortality.

The Phæacian episode closes with the people in the agora at prayer before their tutelary deity. They stand in great fear of some catastrophe if they do not obey the god; this explains the ethical purpose of the poet, and doubtless his literary in-

tent is to protect himself against the critics of his time; if they ask why the Phæacians can not be found, he will reply that perhaps the god destroyed them; if they are found, then he will be able to say that the intercession before the altar and the sacrifice propitiated the wrath of Poseidon so that they were spared. Poetic interest in the fate of the Phæacians is thus secured, and kneeling about their patrial altar the people appear as unique and winning as the individual characters portrayed. The quick setting of the scene in the first line of the sixth book, the introduction of the goddess in the second line, the splendor of the palace, the symmetry, serenity and regularity of the garden, the frankness and simplicity of the personages, and the religious faith of the people sketches a story of animate and inanimate beauty which is nowhere surpassed.

The State universities have almost banished Greek from the curricula, and put their entire emphasis on "gainful occupations." The sure remains of Greek is found only in the letters of the fraternities. It may be economically profitable, but it is a serious educational loss. So long as the Parthenon is pictured as the ideal of the world's

fairest building, the Venus de Milo as its greatest model, while the Attic orators, historians, and tragedians remain unsurpassed, and the Odyssey stands the world's greatest imaginative work, a man gives proof of his culture by getting acquainted with and keeping alive his interest in Greek.

After the Phæacians, William James is steadying, and then we select "Vanity Fair" from the ship's library bulging with novels, which we finish just in time to find the lights on Cape St. Vincent.

Chapter II

TWO WEEKS WITH THE GREEK ARMY

WE traveled to Patras with 2,188 Greeks, third reservists, going home for war or peace. The London negotiations were at a deadlock when we sailed, and the sea a welter of foaming mountains, whipped into fury by the gales which swept up the coast on January 3d and 4th, raising the oscillation of the Manhattan skyscrapers to a maximum. Tourists and Greeks alike had trouble in finding their sea-legs; thereafter an intimate observation of cabin by steerage and steerage by cabin ripened into mutual understanding and good wishes. They were tall, husky laborers, such as you see on the huge Keokuk dam and in railway construction gangs. They cheered the shoals of porpoises at the vessel's side, shouted at passing ships, and roared their interest when the wireless messages were read to them. One became a little ashamed at maritime commercialism when seeing them pay over their scanty earnings to hear

the news. Every man among them had property, family, or friends dependent upon their loyalty, and the self-sacrificing way they rose to that indefinable passion for country and home we call patriotism, was as sturdy as it was pathetic.

The first climax came on Saturday night. The report of the threatened withdrawal of the Turkish envoys from the peace negotiations was read. On the instant spahr, saloon, and main decks aft were swarming with a veritable mob. The second-cabin Greeks pressed up to the rail, and a sea of angry, determined faces were silhouetted against the black night. A young, muscular chap, a student for a few months at Roberts College, foreman in a bridge construction gang, climbed up to the hurricane deck and made a speech, which he reproduced for me on Sunday morning. Flashlight kodak, stenographic notes, and the voice of Demosthenes would be needed to give any hint of its real effect. He was waving a photograph when he began, and the speech was about as follows:

"This is a picture of four brothers; three of them are now in the army, and I go with the third reserves, so all of us will fight the Fez. To-night the news is for war; to-morrow we shall hear again.

We want no peace until the Islands, Crete, and Salonica belong to Hellas. By the blessed Virgin, by the blessed Joseph, by the blessed ikons in the churches, by the blessed America, where I have hard work [meaning, I think, a good job], plenty to eat, and am treated like a free man, I say, 'Down with the Fez; long live Hellas!' "

Just at this time a Greek flag was flung out on the mizzen, and the 2,188 sang the Greek hymn. Then there were shouts like the yelps of wolves and the roar of lions, "Down with the Fez!" Then eight or ten groups joined hands and with handkerchiefs, like children, played ring-around-a-rosy; after an hour of effervescence and slow subsidence of feeling one of the Greeks raised "America," and we heard these aliens sing the new hymn already grown dear.

The *Laconia*, with another 3,000, was in the harbor of Algiers at the same time our ship was there. The two ships lay at anchor scarcely 150 feet apart. After our tour of the city and its environs we sat on deck and watched the different groups call to each other. Then, as late in the afternoon the *Laconia* pulled out, the air was rent with cannon crackers, torpedoes, and the 5,000

joined in the Greek hymn. To hear them sing made me think of the Germans after the Battle of Leuthen. Frederick's army, 28,000 strong, had beaten the Austrians with 80,000. It was there that Frederick got his *schräge Stellung* to work with such precision and success as it had not been used since Alexander employed it at Arbela. When the pursuit was over and the army drew into camp, a grenadier started up an old church hymn. The military bands fell in, and soon the whole army was singing. Many-voiced like the Covenanters, it sounded across the hills to the watchful King:

"Gib, dass ich's thu' mit Fleiss was mir zu thun gebühret,
Wozu mich Dein Befehl in meinem Stande führet;
Gib, dass ich's thue bald, zu der Zeit ich's soll
Und wenn ich's thu', so gib dass es gerathe wohl."

The Greek chorals and the German hymns add vastly to the enthusiasm of a brigade. The Germans sing better; no oratorio can equal the music made by a brigade of the German army one night at Mainz as they sang "Wacht am Rhein" and "Nun danket." But the Greeks sing well, and when, at 11.30 o'clock of the day we landed at Patras, 670 were entrained and pulled out of the depot for the siege of Janina, which three weeks

later surrendered, they were still singing the Greek hymn, interspersing it with the yell, "Down with the Fez!" We visited the hospital, where 400 Greek wounded were in charge, saw 500 Turkish prisoners in barracks, and after two weeks with them we offer two observations: The Greeks have the great hatred which is requisite for strong personalities and a great nationality—at present it is hatred of the Turk; by and by, if the Home Missionary Society reaches them, it will be hatred of things un-American. Then they have the great love which unifies and clarifies. Now it is for Hellas, but by and by it will be love for American ideals. The power of this great antipathy and affection is primal for future Americanism. Patriotism burns among them with a steady glow. Tens of thousands have hurried from America to help drive the Turk out of Europe; everywhere in Patras we were told that the best soldiers in the army came from America. They brought with them a spirit and fortitude which animated the rank and file and reached up to the officers and inspired even the throne itself. The United States is the university for the world's democracy. It beckons to its educative influence the peoples of all

lands. The Government is missionary in the Philippine Islands, must sooner or later become policeman in Mexico and Central America; but teacher, with schoolhouse, laboratory, and courses in opportunity for self-help, self-support, self-control, the United States has been, is, and must remain. It takes a world-voyage to learn how the common people yearn to go to America. Here speaks the sovereign voice in the coming fortunes of mankind.

From Patras we sailed up the Ionian Sea past Ithaca and Corfu to Brindisi. The rocky coast, the ancient Acarnania, looks uninhabitable. Far across an inlet with our field-glasses we could locate Missilonghi. Ithaca deserves the line of Tennyson,

"Among these barren crags."

Greece, as compared with New England, is barren, and that to an Iowan is extreme. The flocks winding along the steep slopes, or back and forth on the zigzags; the lights which twinkle from the rocks as day begins to fail; the moan of the sea, and the heavy beat of the surf on the rocks is weird and fascinating. But the passengers on the *Derna*, an Italian ship, are even more interesting than the rocky, precipitous coast, though we stayed late on

deck. James Anthony Froude is reported to have said once in California, when they were trying to persuade him to go to Yosemite, that he "would rather travel a thousand miles to talk to a sensible man than to walk to the end of the street for the finest view in America." We had both the view and the interesting people on the *Derna*. When the air began to grow chill we adjourned to the saloon to cultivate the acquaintance of a dozen Italian army officers going home from the conquest and occupation of Rhodes, and two nurses of the Italian Red Cross service, who had been doing volunteer work in the Greek hospitals. These latter told the most piteous tales of the terrible hunger of the Turkish wounded; their last request before taking the anæsthetic, and the first after the effects of the anæsthesia had passed, was "bread." The Turks, according to their report, were simply starving on the campaign; an army goes on its belly; they simply could not fight. The nurses were evidently superior in birth and education to the men, spoke excellent English, and acted as our interpreters for a conversation with the senior officer, a major, who seemed to regard the war between Italy and Turkey as of tremendous import. They were

all happy over the taking of Tripoli, and they were willing to talk about that the whole evening. Bismarck offered Tunis to Italy a generation ago, and the Italians have repented their failure to take it ever since. Now the Tripolitan war, entered upon to protect the Banca de Roma from loss by reason of large investments in oases land, has fired the national heart and coalesced the different factions —Italy has always been a land of faction—into something approaching nationality. The nurse referred rather proudly to the failure of the pope to punish a bishop who had entered into the war on the popular side, and the major retorted that he "would never be made a cardinal." The women dismissed the Methodists as socially unimportant, either in America or Italy, but the major set great store by their patriotism, because Miss Italia Garibaldi had given her adhesion to the despised sect. They scorned both Fairbanks and Roosevelt, but the major to my great enjoyment insisted that they were Masons, and not Methodists at all. The major was plainly less loyal to the Church, and wished to discuss the disendowment of certain convents and monasteries, which the women, while disdaining any interest in the recluse life, sniffed at as though they

were listening to a discussion of the Fourth Dimension or a plan to erect a signal station to attract the attention of the planet Mars. The major went further and stated it as an economic problem in Italy requiring solution as to how to restrict the number who should be permitted to join the monastic orders; he wanted a larger navy, a better-paid army, and was free to criticise the administration for its peace treaty with Turkey and the support of the Austrian diplomatic attempt to keep Servia from the Adriatic, by Italy.

Horace described the Romans of his day as "inferior to sires who were in turn inferior to theirs," and as "likely to leave an offspring more degraded than themselves." It seems utterly untrue of modern Italy. Victor Immanuel, like a Cæsar, sleeps under the open dome of the Pantheon; King Humbert, when suddenly the plague broke out in Naples, sent the message to Borodino, where he had promised to attend a festa, "At Borodino they make merry, at Naples they die; I go to Naples!" All their foreign secretaries have stood solidly by the Dreibund, and the influence of Germany has been steadying and commendable. Tripoli seems to us an entire economic loss, but nations, like men,

find their lives by losing them. Both Italy and Greece have a new spirit, and not since the division of the Eastern and Western empires have so many strong formative influences been felt in the Hellenic and Italian peninsulas.

It is profitless to speculate on what might have happened; for example, if Alexander, of Alexandria, had not been elected to the presidency of the Nicene Council; and if Hosius, of Cordova, had not given adhesion to the Athanasian party, and if the Arian heresy had gained the decision, what would have been the ultimate effect? Would Christianity have gone forward by the same tremendous leaps, or would it have displayed the lack of passion and organizing power so characteristic of modern Arianism? Is there something apostolic and missionary in that insoluble mystery we call the Trinity, which vitalizes indifference into zeal and gives initiative and radiation to missionary effort? And so we inquire about the Council of Trent. Before the Reformation, notably in the eighth, tenth, and twelfth centuries, the mediæval Church was accompanied and confronted by tremendous reforming forces. Many concessions were wrung from the hierarchy by its enemies, and one can not but admire the

graceful way the church, prior to the Reformation, yielded to the inevitable and was ready to acquiesce in the spirit, "so the church has always taught." Want of accommodation to the spirit of the age produced the Reformation. The founding of the Order of the Jesuits, whose members speedily gained control of the Council, made the body intolerant instead of concessive; then certain secular rulers discerned the democratic elements which were inherent in the movements for ecclesiastical freedom, and tacitly consented to the reform of the church to the standards of St. Francis. One is bewildered when he reflects on the unity and power of the ecclesia, had the spirit of accommodation prevailed and the body remained undivided.

Whatever else the Reformation accomplished or failed to accomplish, it gave what from that day we must call the Roman Church a critic and a rival. Both Roman Catholic and Protestant were recognized by the Treaty of Augsburg, and this recognition brought the doctrines and practices of each before the tribunal of public opinion. Henceforth a cardinal's cap for a boy of thirteen, and the indulgence tickets of Dr. Tetzel would be held up to the merciless criticism of a rival. The value of

such criticism is inestimable. In Spain, without this corrective influence the condition of the Church is less encouraging; but in Italy, pressed upon as Romanism is by a vigorous Protestantism, which is in hearty alliance with the civil rulers, the reformation is reforming. Then there is less hostility to the spirit of accommodation. The laity have been called into greater activity, and that very fact reduces ceremonies and officialism to a minimum. In America, where the fires of denominational criticism are hottest, the Roman Church is really the strongest. In the same way the Italian Church, by reason of the enlarging consciousness of the nation, its political affiliation with Germany, the swarms of tourists who treat the pope as one of the sights of Europe rather than as the Spiritually Infallible, the break-away of France from even the semblance of adherence to the Holy Roman Ecclesia, grows strong, and if the great ecclesiastical foundations which imperil the economic independence of the kingdom can be dissolved or in some way restored to a proper share in the burdens of the kingdom, the Italian Church will once more be out in the world a disembodied spiritual existence, and the Reformation, though late in arriving, will

have completed its work. The Italians, like the Greeks are in a constant flux coming and going to America; it is this which gives Protestantism such modifying power. For the first time in a decade for the fiscal year which closed with June, 1913, the Italians were equaled in the number of immigrants they sent to America by the Poles; they are tied now; hitherto they have led. In the last four years 900,000 Italians have arrived in America, and 500,000 have gone home. A big world-education must be involved in this tremendous folk-wandering. That this affects the whole fabric of Church and State in Italy can not for one moment be doubted.

Apart from the Spanish domination of the papal Curia, the merciless way in which certain personal acquaintances, modernists, have been compelled to see their books go into the *Index Expurgatorius*, and the economic problem referred to by the major, there is much to commend. All over the East we could not but feel that the Latin priests and sisterhoods, wherever we met them, were superior to the like orders of the Russian Church. They have the greatest religious earnestness; they refuse to have anything to do with the "civil contract" idea of

marriage, and the Church remains unqualified in its opposition to divorce. It seems to me idle to raise an alarm about the increasing power of political Romanism in America, just as it is unthinkable to doubt the patriotism of the American bishops. We venture the opinion that if the name of Woodrow Wilson were substituted for that of Queen Elizabeth in the bull of excommunication of 1570, that not one American bishop would support it. Likewise we feel certain that the Archbishop of Manila is pained beyond words at the foolish requests the young clerks in the office of the papal ablegate prefer to the Island government in his name, and is grieved to the heart at the lapses according to the standards of the English-Irish-American priests, of his mestizo and Tagalog clergy. No propagandism can turn the ages backward. They will not preach an infallible Church by and by; fewer and fewer will choose patron saints; less and less traditions of doubtful credence will find acceptance, and in the good time coming, with the election to the papal chair of some liberal cardinal the Church will come to be as comprehensive as even Protestants desire.

With musings like these we bade these new-found

friends good-bye, took a final look at Corfu and a turn on the deck, and woke to find the *Derna* approaching Brindisi, whence Pompey set out to battle with the pirates, to which Horace came on the "excursion," and where Frederick Barbarossa, on his crusade, built the great castle which is still associated with his name. Brindisi is the naval base of Italy, and the castle houses the clerks and draughtsmen associated with the department of naval construction. It is the port of departure for the English mails brought overland by fast trains from London and Paris. At Algiers and Patras we had gone on shore by tugs and lighters; here at Brindisi we part company with docks. Except at Singapore, where the work of dock construction has been undertaken, and at Calcutta, where, if the river is at the right level, you may go aboard by a gang-plank; but everywhere else in the East it is the "lighter" that carries you back and forth. Only when you reach Manila and go up to a dock once more, do you appreciate your fellow countrymen at their full trade value.

Chapter III

THE WAYS OF TRADE

AT Brindisi we first felt the commercial rivalry between the English and Germans. Brindisi as a port is attempting to rival Naples. The Germans use the latter; it is headquarters for the Norddeutscher Lloyd, while the English, looking for the most direct routes and shortest lines, have concentrated at Brindisi. The Peninsular and Oriental Company are the immediate English representatives. While each port has shipping of all nationalities, Brindisi is the one Italian port where the Dreibund does not avail. The virulence of the fight for trade between the two countries is that they are practically one blood, both Protestant, and by intermarriage of the Hannoverians, who were German to begin with, and the Hohenzollerns the families are immediately as well as remotely one. By all the laws of family comity, past friendship, and national ideals, they should be allies, and that Eng-

land should continue to be fast friends with France and Russia, and Germany remain in political alliance with Austria and Italy is one of the anomalies.

One prefers to think of the brave old days when Frederick II of Prussia, now called Der Grosse, and his little kingdom was rimmed round by a wall of enemies; Marie Theresa, the Austrian she-wolf, in full cry for the recapture of Silesia, the French urged on by Madame Pompadour, the Russians with Elizabeth, the Saxons, and the Heilige Römische Reich, and the Swedes bought up by the Russians and the French were all in one vast camp against him. Happily for Protestantism, England happened to have a king for five years in that crisis. We do not refer to George II, then living at Windsor, though he was full uncle to Frederick, nor indeed to any one of the Georges. They probably deserved the scintillating observation of Lord Macaulay, that "each particular George was a little more stupid than the George who immediately preceded him." We speak of William Pitt, the only king England had in that century, and he, like a Methodist preacher, had to move on at the end of five years. And Frederick sent to Pitt, asking men for his line and money for his war chest. Pitt

had recruiting troubles of his own, and annual deficiencies for his budget also, as even then the British war debt was in process of making. But Pitt sent him his blundering Hanoverian troops, and Frederick loaned him a general who made them an army. Then he made a treaty to furnish him £600,000 each year for five years. Never, according to Carlyle, did the English get such good fighting for so small a subsidy. In those five years Pitt and Frederick ladeled out destiny to the world for five hundred years to come. Pitt conquered in America, laid the beginnings of the Indian Empire, established England in South Africa, and even captured Manila. What a difference it might have made if some minister other than Bute had settled the details of the treaty. And Frederick did full share, for he beat the French at Rossbach, and then, one month later, whipped the Austrians at Leuthen, and in approximately six months gave the Russians such a drubbing at Zorndorf that they have respected the Germans ever since. He kept Silesia and made good the "brotherhood" plighted between the Duke of Silesia and the Marquis of Brandenburg 200 years before. And these two nations ought to be in the same camp now, and yet

their diplomacy threatens more to world's peace than anything on the chess-board of affairs. Germany woke to colonizing enterprises late, and has found the English ready to maneuver them out anywhere they can. The Germans have been forestalled; it is no idle boast to repeat that "England has a man-of-war twenty-four hours from everywhere." It would rejoice me to see the Germans take Syria, and England would in the long run profit by her consent to this desirable consummation.

While the Germans are doing exceedingly well in their commercial enterprises, the English have set the world an example of the meaning of the "mails." The overland mails arrive at Brindisi at 11 P. M., and supposedly the mail steamer sails directly after midnight. The *Isis* and the *Osiris*, twin ships of 1,728 tons, which carry the mail to Port Said, are built with reference to speed and the actuality of *not* sailing on time. On our particular sailing date the mail was forty minutes late in arriving at the docks, and unusually heavy. Almost 9,000 sacks were to be transferred to the *Isis*. The porters are each given a lath-shaped tally-stick, notched, and about 15 inches long. The

tally-sheet is a big bucket with at least ten compartments, each containing ten sticks. The buckets are tallied on a blackboard. Each porter picked up a sack of mail from the wharf, where others deposited them when taken from the train, and as he passed the tallyman, was given one of these sticks, which he gave up to another tallyman on the ship's deck. Two shifts of ten porters each, not counting the men who arranged the bags, or who stowed them in the hold, made the transfer. The men made a round-trip in just one minute, so that each shift deposited ten sacks each minute from 11.40 o'clock before midnight until the moment we sailed, at 6.55 A. M. They were exactly 7 hours and 15 minutes in transferring the mail from dock aboard ship. We need not have stayed up to see the process; we saw it again at Port Said, Aden, and Bombay, but nowhere so heavy as at Brindisi and Port Said. We left Brindisi full six hours late, but the speed of the *Isis* remedied that. The engineer speeded the little flyer up to 21 knots per hour, and we pulled into Port Said after 47 hours "on time." The mail is there transferred to the P. & O. steamship, which had sailed from the Thames the week preceding. That "mail" is a world institution, and

the sure bond of union between the tight little island and its far-flung battle-line of dune, headland, and fertile empires in the south continent. It is the letters, papers, books, and packages which the mail carries that keep alive the sense of home and braces the young Englishmen the world over to put on his dresscoat and "dine." No matter how remote from men and women of his own stock, these things he does: he dines, reads the *Times*, *Telegraph*, or *Mail*, and dates all mortal events from the time he "came out" or "went home." The basic fact of English solidarity is "the mail."

So we rush forward on the *Isis* past Corfu again, see Argolis, alongside Zante, through the Strophades, following the general coast line and laying a course so as to pass Crete on the west and south, with islands, lights, and ships to give interest to every waking moment. Contrary to all the predictions by "old sailors," "experienced travelers," and daring tourists in charge of "Cook," the *Isis* rode like a duck, and while the tremendous speed caused a good deal of vibration, she was steady, the small group of passengers friendly, and the voyage

"Over the sea, past Crete,"

to the land of the lotus-eaters and the Nile was all too short. The massive statue of De Lesseps greeted us at the entrance to the harbor. It was dedicated with great pageantry, the Emperor Napoleon III and his empress, Eugenie, attended by M. Oliver, heralded in his day as a great minister of finance, attended the fête. The statue is all that remains to associate the big ditch with the French people. They began the Panama Canal also, and our countrymen are just finishing it. Some plodding persistence, some final tenacity the French seem to lack. They made an expedition to Egypt in 1798. It was thus that Napoleon came to be associated with the two other great generals of the ages, Alexander and Cæsar, in the affairs of Egypt. The directory planned the campaign with a double object in view: to open a way for attacking the English in India, and to remove Bonaparte, for a time at least, from France. The independent behavior of that general in his Italian campaigns, his genius for military affairs, and his ambition, which could not be entirely concealed under a studied simplicity of manners, rendered his presence dangerous to their authority. Had Napoleon stayed in Egypt, he would have antedated

the English colonizing policy. His constructive talents were shown there in striking ways; he caused strict justice to be practiced between man and man, gave free passage to pilgrims going to and from Mecca, and encouraged all kinds of commerce. He gave land to the slaves, to be cultivated on their own account. He granted equal rights of inheritance to the children of the same parents, and improved the condition of the women by giving them a certain portion of the husband's property at his decease. He endeavored to restrain polygamy, encouraged marriage between his soldiers and the natives, and established schools for the instruction of the young French, Copts, and Arabs in geography, mathematics, and the French language, and was a friend to shows, public games, and other diversions. Here we have the origin of the great civilizing movements felt in the East to-day. Contemplating the effects of his invasion, it may be questioned whether his influence was greater upon the East or upon Europe. The Egyptian expedition came like a thunderbolt upon that part of the world. To them it had remained unchangeable, and seemed inaccessible to modification. Like all heathenism, the petty nations subject to the

Sublime Porte believed themselves invincible. The exaggerated opinion they held of their own importance was necessarily strengthened by the conduct of European powers who for a long series of years permitted the Barbary pirates to make war, impose tribute and ransom upon every government of Christendom with impunity. The successes of the French in Egypt caught the imagination of the Mussulmen, and their experiences taught them to appreciate the military superiority of the peoples of the West. Then came the United States, and Decatur finished what Bonaparte had begun.

The De Lesseps statue was dedicated in 1869. One year after, Napoleon III withered at Sedan, the Germans were in full swing for Paris, and on a gorgeous autumn day out at Versailles, on the steps of the great palace of Louis XIV, Bismarck, Von Moltke, and William I promulgated with much blare of trumpets and many "Lebe hochs" the German Empire.

You land by the Cook's boat and learn once for all that harbor graft is peculiarly Oriental. That at Port Said is typical; rowers, boat, health officer, customs, and viséing of passports brings it up to the high level of its justly celebrated sister port

Jaffa. That will be the one and only appearance of a "passport" to be "viséed" if you learn quickly at school, as we suspect you do. The single excellence of Port Said, beyond giving entrance to the Suez Canal, is that it is four hours only from Cairo, whither by fast train *de luxe* we are whirled; along the canal embankment, steam shovels pumping its enlargement; stretches of desert, land of Goshen, Tel-el-Kebir, the thousand quaintnesses of Oriental life, the multiform devices for lifting the Nile water to the desert sand, the long caravans of camels, the nodding palms, the pyramids which thirty miles away from Cairo you see lifting themselves above the plain, and the mysterious Nile, are like flashes of holy vision, quick passing and abiding.

We followed the regular order in Cairo: saw the mosques, the museum, old Cairo, rode camels out to the pyramids, saw the secretary bird in the zoological gardens, took street-car to the shapely, shining obelisk of Heliopolis, and were properly impressed by the sleeping cave of Joseph and Mary, the place where Pharaoh's daughter drew Moses from the water, and shopped to our pocket-book's discontent in the bazaars. But we were more

interested in the great dams the English have builded, and the canals which lead the water for irrigation purposes over millions of acres that previous to the English occupation were desert; in the electric lights they have introduced, the trams they have installed, the fine macadam roads they have laid, and the eye clinics they maintain. What an uproar it made in the world when Gladstone bombarded Alexandria! He had his hand forced in the Egyptian matter. He had spent his life in opposition to the Jingo, and when, on a sudden, he seemed to throw away the traditions of a lifetime, the world stood aghast. His enemies cursed him for what they privately supposed was his political sagacity, and his friends hesitated, fearing that he had been overwhelmed by some strange lust or greed of power. The English never forgave him for the death of Gordon, but if any work of merit might atone for the delays which caused the Khartoum tragedy, the results of the English occupation of Egypt should be counted full atonement. Once we heard him speak in the House of Commons; that was worth going to England to hear. He was just coming back with a liberal majority for his last premiership; he was no longer the young man

who had phrased the adjectives still in use, "The Unspeakable Turk," and changed the Roman orator's platform "*Civis Romanus Sum*" into "I am an Englishman," to the delight of the galleries and the discomfiture of the Tories; but his voice still had the bugle call in it, and there spake a man with "authority." The old scribes of the days of Christ discovered the note of authority in Christ's teaching, and hasted from His presence, saying, "He taught as one that had authority." That authority of character and commission, the only "authority" there is, Christ had and Gladstone had. The ordination of our deacons and elders always appealed to me. It is worshipful to hear in some great church, packed for the Conference occasion, a bishop with a melodious voice say, "Take thou authority." As a matter of ritual, we all assent to it, but as more than that we should all object. Authority is neither a thing that a man can have by natural descent, nor by gift; it is a matter of character like Christ, and Gladstone accumulated his by fifty years spent in the service of every good cause. Then for a few brief years he *was the people of England.* Lotze says the soul is where it acts, and with the commission of

the English Commons behind him, he did such an act of high sovereignty as no premier had accomplished since William Pitt. The immediate effect was the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir, but the actual outcome was the suppression of Madhist fanatics from Cairo to the Soudan, the better economic conditions which now bless the Egyptian fellahin, the transformation of several palaces into modern hotels, and the two great dams across the Nile at Cairo and Assouan, which alone make the bombardment of Alexandria with its consequent occupation of Egypt the crowning act of Gladstone's career. Of course to-day, with improved facilities for travel, land values immensely enhanced, trade flourishing, order maintained, and the beginnings of decency and sanitation inaugurated, the cry goes up, "Egypt for the Egyptians." It is, of course, assumed that those raising this cry are the "Egyptians." They have not forgiven Roosevelt yet for having told them point blank out that in assassinating public officials they were using "license," not liberty.

Three celebrities we saw in Cairo, two of whose names all readers will recognize. The first was General Lord Kitchener, adviser to His Majesty the

Khedive, Consul General and English Government combined. We saw several "residents;" each of the native Indian States has one, and whoever may happen to be called king, khedive, rajah, maharajah, nawab, gaekwar, or begum, be sure beforehand that he is actually subordinate to the aforesaid "resident." Lord Kitchener is chief of all the residents, though the Indian viceroy might equal him. The khedive's part in the Egyptian Government is to go to mosque, and spend the millions with which a paternal English Government solaces his idleness. General Kitchener, like all the residents, is quartered in great state. The doors to his audience chamber are kept by many attendants, and he is hedged in by the pomp and circumstance in which Oriental and European peoples seem to delight. He was in uniform with yards of gilt and gold brocade, a decoration on his breast, and in the moment of our view was in the act of stepping into a State carriage. An escort waited upon his going, and yet, with all his equipage, he did not exceed in fuss and feathers Lord Hardinge at Delhi. His predecessor in this high office was Lord Cromer. These two represent England's contribution to the pacification, development, and control of Egypt.

It was our good fortune also to see General Porforio Diaz, former president of Mexico, walking on the porch of the Shepheards. The old general was rather short of stature, and looked and walked as did the former president of Iowa Wesleyan, the late Senator Harlan, one time Secretary of the Interior in Lincoln's Cabinet. He had an attendant walking on either side of him: a physician and a valet, we were told. He walked back and forth several times on the long balcony overlooking the street, as those who have been at Shepheards will remember. Doughty old veteran he looked. My predecessor calls him "Diaz the immortal." That was before the recent revolution, however. Diaz is to Mexico what Charles Magnus was to Germany: a far-flashing beacon illuminating the centuries of ignorance which preceded him, and the darkest century of the Dark Ages which followed him. Diaz was preceded by lawlessness and followed by anarchy. Madero had the spirit but not the strength of a great ruler. We shall yet applaud President Wilson for refusing to recognize Huerta as even provisional president, and the policy of refusing recognition to military usurpers will make an end of many "revolutions" in our

sister republics to the south. What a pretty penny we would have given for Diaz's thoughts as he promenaded up and down the hotel veranda!

The third of these men, though only a Cairo guide, was as interesting to me. He had been to Mecca, and was therefore hadji, and had the deference of his achievement accorded to him by all those who appreciated what it means to drink from the holy well and wash in the water of the Caaba. He wore a purple turban, and was our guide for five days; walked with us through the mosques of Hasan, Iben Tulone, and the alabaster one of Mohammed Ali; recounted reverently and, at our request, briefly the miracles of Mohammed, the proofs of them, and showed us with becoming dignity the university where all the professors teach the Koran, and then showed us about the library, where the only book, in many editions and languages, is the Koran. We talked much also of the present status of the faith of Islam. He had but one wife, deeming one sufficient for caring for his house. Did not Mahomet keep women too much in subjection, and will not his religion fail because of this very subjection? "Allah made them so," was his Delphic response. Again,

we asked him about the Turk "raising a holy war" —that scare with which the daily papers regale us with every disaster to Turkish policy or arms. The hadji slowly shook his head and replied dolefully; "Allah is great," said he. "The Turk is brought very low. Twenty millions of the Faithful in India and North Africa would give their lives for the Faith; but of what avail? There is no war equipment for them. Forts, battleships, and munitions of war are all in the hands of the Unbelieving powers; one Maxim would shoot down a thousand of the Faithful before they could rush up a parapet and capture it. Allah only is great!"

Egypt has never recovered from the plague of flies; and had another of those enumerated, instead of boils or murain of beasts, been granulated eyelids, it would confirm the whole seven mentioned in the Exodus and establish the passing of the Red Sea for good measure. The nation was verging toward blindness when the English came, and one of the most beautiful things the missionaries do is to treat those poor, afflicted human eyes. There can be no question that flies carry several forms of eye infection as well as the typhoid and other enteric germs. The United States, by sani-

tation and war on contagious diseases, has made Manila, filthy in 1898 as compared with Cairo, a much wholesomer place. But, then, the Americans have been much more abrupt and drastic in their methods in handling alien peoples, though always really democratic, than the English, who bear themselves with much greater seeming deference to native custom and opinion. But England is the first medical missionary and, like some older practitioner, is just a little slow to learn from your Uncle Sam, fresh from medical college, with an experience as interne in a modern hospital, and as health officer extraordinary in Cuba, Porto Rico, Panama, and the Philippines. We have studied hymns for years, as most pastors do, and supposed we knew the literary merit and didactic value of the lines:

> "At evcn, ere the sun was set,
> The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
> O with what divers pains they met!
> O with what joy they went away!"

But the eye-sick of Egypt and the leprous poor of Syria, the famine-smitten of India, and the pestilence-stricken of Burmah and China gives the hymn a place, not because it is fine poetry, but

because of its underlying actuality. It is one phase of Oriental life embodied in literature, and flowing back from literature to bless life with hope and healing. They sing that hymn dozens of times where we do not sing it once.

The two speculative questions which assault the mind in Egypt are the age of man on this planet, and whether derived from a common stock so remotely as to constitute five independent breeds, or did they bear apart when, as creatures endowed with mental life, they began to be influenced by innumerable conditions of environment that still operate upon us?

Anthropological studies have long since demonstrated the enormous antiquity of man. However, the dates of a geologist necessarily can not be fixed, but move within the widest limits. From the archæological standpoint we begin in Egypt. Great tribute must be paid by the scientist to the early dwellers along the Nile. The Egyptians early determined the length of the year as 365 days, not being aware of the one-quarter, or nearly one-quarter, of the day additional. They divided this year, divorcing it from the phases of the moon, into twelve months of thirty days each, with an inter-

calary period of five days at the end of the year. This, the first practical calendar ever evolved by an ancient people, remained an achievement unparalleled in any other civilization. Now, we know that in the period from 140-144 A. D. the calendar exactly coincided with the season, and that in one of the years mentioned the rising of Sothis took place on the first day of the calendar year. An entire revolution had been completed at that time. Of course, the revolution began 1,460 years earlier; viz., in 1320 B. C. The next earlier revolution would therefore have begun in 2780 B. C. But it is impossible that this calendar was introduced as late as the twenty-eighth century B. C., for that was in the midst of the highest culture of the old kingdom. Moreover, the intercalary days are mentioned in what they call the pyramid manuscripts, far older than the old kingdom. Then, as it was doubtless formulated at a time when the seasons coincided, roughly at least, with nature, we must go back another 1,460 years, and more likely 2,920 years, so that the oldest date in history is at least 4240 B. C., and altogether likely 5700 B. C. But the cavemen go back to 25000 B. C., and even employing the oldest date, we shall have

historical records only for one-third of man's life on the planet.

The hypothesis of the original unity of the race can not be disproved. There is an aversion to its acceptance on the part of scientific inquirers, based on certain forcible natural analogies, yet in our judgment inadequate to compel belief in a plurality of primitive types. There is a general equation of the human being with several constants and many variables. In our ignorance of this equation, not knowing the ratio of the constants to the variables, nor the method of its physical realization, we assume, just as in the case of plants, an original generic form, and the races as modifications of the general type. No race possesses any physiologically important organ denied to another; the normal number of multiple parts, such as fingers and toes, is the same in all five; no single joint of a skeleton is formed or situated on different plans in different races; all are erect and capable of speech; there are no distinguishing differences in physiological processes, duration of life, pregnancy, attainment of puberty; and finally the different races can be propagated by crossing. The hypothesis that the white man, by the blazing sun of the tropics, dark-

ened into the Negro is natural and easy, and its counterpart is that the primeval black man, under favorable conditions, has been transformed into a Caucasian. We are told that the facts do not justify these expectations, and it is replied that the whole of the continent of North America, extending through all the zones, was inhabited by a cinnamon race, in spite of several modifications, identical throughout, to which only the tribes lying in the polar region do not belong. In the tropical zone of the old world, going from west to east, we find Negro, brown Malay, white Caucasian races living under hardly distinguishable climatic conditions. Then we are told that—inter-racial marriages excluded—the Caucasian does not take on the kinky hair, velvety complexion, and shape of the head of the Negro, nor the Negro the Caucasian cast of countenance, though in a colder and uncongenial clime. But is this not somewhat begging the question? Then the Hebrew type, though dispersed to all climates, has been preserved unchanged. Now, if we knew the value of the constants in the generic equation, these facts might settle it, but when we are asked to throw out all past inter-racial marriages in order to establish five

races, we are asked to assume a factor little precedent in nature. Mestizos of a hundred living varieties give denial to it. The easy answer to this unending speculation is that of St. Paul, "And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth."

Chapter IV

THE COUNTRY OF JESUS

IT is not easy to reach the *Holy Land*. The journey from Egypt to Palestine is the matter of a night's travel. Palestine touches Egypt, and though it does not lie in the commercial zone, the strange magnetism that centuries have not short-circuited still pulls a throng of pilgrims to it year by year. Half a dozen lines of steamers ply up and down the coast, stopping when the weather permits at Jaffa, and at Haifa and Beirut. We went by the *Kosseir*, of the Khedivial Line, leaving Port Said late on Sunday afternoon. She is manned by Scotch officers, Italian stewards, and carries various nationalities as a deck crew. Two Mormon missionaries, of the Southern Iowa-Missouri branch; an ecclesiastic of the English Church; a young Methodist preacher, "fellow" at Drew, with his wife, besides a large Hamburg-American party, several Cook and Aboosh escorted travelers made up the passenger list. The night was gor-

geous with stars, the yellow waves danced in the moonlight, the sea was on its good behavior, and walking down the ship's side on a stairway at Jaffa to the lighter was easy as any landing could well be. The passengers were finally sorted out and prorated by the various tourist agencies, and after a hurried visit to our hotel we were off for a ride about Jaffa, along roads fragrant with orange orchards, into various hospices, past Tabitha's Fountain, and lingering long in the traditional "house of Simon the tanner, who dwelt by the seaside." The port at least is beyond question the one where Solomon landed the beams of cedar for the temple, and up the steep banks the workmen dragged them. The Emperor Vespasian sacked the town, and the banner of Richard the Lion-hearted flaunted from its citadel. The purpling dawn, the olive trees, miles of orange groves with their "apples of gold in pictures of silver," the golden sheen of midday, the sun glinting on the violet hills, with the opalescence of the sky as evening gathered, would have given a hundred pictures to Turner. It was a day of days. Grove and sea, sky and mountain, and the pageantry of nature inwrought into the fabric of Christianity were all as Jesus saw them. We

had not yet felt the disappointment and disillusionment which the cluttering of churches, mosques, monasteries, hospices, and memorials on every little plot of daylight is sure to bring. The Christian faith is most expansive in open spaces, and needs for its setting flowers, the rustle of palms, the soughing of great cedars, and a skyline rising to the mountains. These Jaffa gives.

The railroads have broken into Syria in three places: from Jaffa to Jerusalem, from Mount Carmel to Galilee, and thence on up to Damascus, and again from Beirut to Damascus. Then there are macadam roads from Jerusalem to Jericho, Shechem and Tiberias, and winding around Bethany, Bethlehem, and the great ridge to the east called the Mount of Olives. These latter were built to render the visit of the German Emperor pleasurable. These new roads are not as lamentable, to our thinking, as some travelers would have us believe. They help to give you a view of "The Land of the Book" through modern perspective. To ride a donkey across the valley of Ajalon may aid to keep the perfunctory view of the famous battle, but to trundle by at a horse-car rate on a railway train means definite awakenment to the hyperbole of

the Oriental mind. All the commentaries you have studied and the multitudinous tales of travelers you have read do not impress you with the vast imagination of the Eastern literature like the first hour on a railroad train from Jaffa to Jerusalem. We saw the sun well down toward the horizon shining on the wondrous valley where Israel and the Amorites in battle's wrinkled front fought by thousands. The parade-ground of the Michigan National Guard at Ludington would accommodate armies ten times the muster that could crowd themselves into rank in the valley of Ajalon. The poetry of that story, not the event it pictures; the perfection of its beauty, not its scientific veracity,—is the pledge of its perpetual recital. The deeper we enter into it as poetry, the closer we come to its truth. The Old Testament ought to be read in this way. That old library of thirty-nine books is not a collection of documents from a recorder's office—old deeds musty and faded, but accurate. It is the story-loving Orientalist exciting his hearers with the glamour, imagery, and magniloquence of the East.

Once we wrote for the *Methodist Review* a proposed explanation of the meaning of the "double"

in Isaiah, and commented upon it, like the reference Bibles do, in explaining the passage, "Turn to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope," by saying that it was an urgent request on the part of the prophet that they should look in the "strong-box" where the old keepsakes and documents were kept, and that there they would find the "quittance," "receipt," "double," which at the coming of the jubilee would give back the patrimony for years alienated. How the Hebrew scholars did pull their lexicons on the Scotch (not the Irish) Kelley—and the poor writer! It was "not in the dictionary"—well, of course, only by the dictionary could it be known. But if you should see some old hill family in Bethlehem telling over its treasures, counted generation after generation, you will know the truth even if it is not in the dictionary, and you may grow bold and tell the "graybeards" in the theological seminaries that we are going to make the lexicons from the Book. The danger of a dictionary is that it tends to become static. That is the trouble with a "creed." The Council of Trent, for example, added a dozen articles to the Nicene creed, thinking they were helping to elucidate, but in reality adding details already insufferably in-

numerable. It is the purpose of all definition to limit and circumscribe: Jesus said, "The Kingdom of heaven is like;" and He said, "I am the Light of the world." The poetry, gorgeous fancy, superb imagery of that brief assertion dominates all centuries since. But literalists would have the solar system dislocated because as Israel moved to battle the warriors sang an old song,—

> "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon;
> And thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon."

The conflict was shortened by the day, not the day by the conflict. There was time, as there always is in God's plan, for victory.

And so we "go up to Jerusalem." The journey runs at first through cultivated fields. Green stretches of growing grain and vegetable gardens delight the eye. The orange trees hang heavy with fruit, the palms nod their tall plumes, and olive groves with their delicate shades relieve the raucous green. But the scene takes character from the camels, donkeys, flocks of goats, peasants in skirts, and white-robed women with veiled faces. Cactus and eucalyptus remind you of the semi-tropical lands, but the folks and animal-world nominate the

straggling, unkempt, stately East. As we leave the city we enter upon the Plain of Sharon, famous in song and story. It is at once garden and battlefield. Some German colonists, Templers, intending to reform the world to the standards of the Old Testament prophets after the lovely harvests are all gathered, keep every available rood with the most scrupulous care. The armies that have fertilized its acres with their blood, and whitened it with their bleaching bones, would fill a catalogue. Assyrian, Babylonian, Egyptian, Persian, Roman, Austrian, German, Spanish, French, English have all marched, charged, won or lost on this ensanguined plain. Here the royal poet of the school of Solomon sang, "I am the Rose of the Plain," as millions of the same "roses" we see, the narcissi, bared their soft breasts to the gentle wind and flushed the whole plain with their crimson loveliness. The mountains of Judea stretched along the eastern horizon. The ancient church at Lydda and the noble tower commemorative of the forty martyrs at Ramleh, Mizpah, and the Ancient Gezer lift themselves into the landscape and above the surrounding villages as the train moves forward. Many points of interest recall the Crusaders, who

with rich blazonry and in full panoply of mail marched across the plain: Godfrey, Frederick Barbarossa, Richard, Saladin are the men of blood and iron that modern annals have not allowed to grow dim. Every great rock and almost each scraggy oak has a name or association, and the ride, at first a slow ascent, becoming a heavy grade, needing double engines to accomplish, gives happy time to recall the ancient lore and allow fancy and memory to fling about the names and places their subtle pageantry. The impregnability of almost every point against assault, except by famine and disease, is seen at a glance. "The strength of the hills" was the happy portion of Judah and Benjamin. We enter the sacred city through the breach in the wall alongside the Jaffa gate, made to accommodate the kaiser, and just inside we find the Grand Hotel, with its welcome of a blazing fire, grateful in that altitude of 2,500 feet, after the warm airs of Jaffa and Cairo. We hear the McWatters Quartet sing in St. Andrew's Church, and sit late into the night planning our eight days in the out-of-door spaces of the Holy Land.

It is easy to go to Jericho since the macadam road was built for the Kaiser. After all, he did not

go lest a gainsaying diplomatic world should say, "Let him go to Jericho." Likewise the Mount of Olives, Shechem, and Bethlehem are easy of access, because the Turk built the roads to them in hospitality to their last friend and ally. We went to the three Jerichos: saw Elisha's Fountain, drove across the valley—where now utter desolation obtains, rode a boat in the swift current of the Jordan, went swimming in the Dead Sea, saw Horeb and Pisgah, wondered if that might be the Mount of Temptation, followed the devious windings of the brook Cherith, and climbed on foot the weary, precipitous path up which Christ toiled for the final scenes on Calvary. We stopped at Bethany, saw the reputed tomb of Lazarus and the neglected home of the two sisters; we also went to Bethlehem, visited the Church of the Nativity and the well at the gate, for whose sweet water King David yearned and whither fought his "worthies" and came back with it; meditated with delight upon the "Field of Boaz;" rode donkeys about the walls of Jerusalem, visited the Mosque of Omar, descended into King Solomon's stables, saw his quarry, Bethesda, the tombs of the kings, surveyed the hills to the north of the city, from whence the successful attack

finally came; saw the Dead Sea, the Jordan Valley, and the Holy City from the great rocky ridge called the Mount of Olives; we too searched out the "stations of the cross" located by photographers some years ago, where the light would be sure to give good films, and turned sadly from the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, where an obese Russian priest, standing in the veritable "sepulcher," took "alms" of five roubles each from three hundred Mujik pilgrims that afternoon; and sought out what is colloquially called "Gordon's Calvary," because the great Englishman, on his way to Khartoum, pronounced it, in his judgment, the true site.

The "Wailing Place," which we saw on Friday, in a pelting rain, is the scene which beggars all description. We had visited "the upper room" and the house of Caiaphas, and came by narrow streets, filthy beyond words, to the abrupt fortress-like wall adjacent to the temple inclosure. Here a crowd of Jews, both men and women, were gathered to lament the fallen greatness of their beloved Zion; they looked poor, distrait, and hopeless; they wailed, read out of greasy-looking books, patted the wall affectionately, kissed it, prayed, and one old man with a long beard, his back to the wall,

fists thrown out and menacing, cursed rather than prayed. Meanwhile beggars plied their trade, and the walls made no answer. No wonder some geographers think this wailing-place the valley of Baca. They have been doing that every Friday since Titus battered down the walls, and the inrushing Roman cohorts tore the crown of beauty from the queenly head of Jerusalem; 1,843 years is a long time through which to perpetuate the tragedy of degeneracy and greed, and the folly of factions, as illustrated in the decline and fall of the once proud city. But older than that is the Supper which forty years earlier in the upper room He taught us to keep.

There is nothing in the Holy Land that has the atmosphere of Protestant Christianity save what is still out of doors. The Mount of Olives, or so much of it as is still unbuilt upon; Gordon's Calvary, with its "place of the skull," and "the sepulcher in the garden" outside the present north gate, the Plain of Sharon, and the Field of Boaz, adjacent to Bethlehem, hint at what the land was when the drama of humanity centered in such unforgettable scenes. The flowers, stars, mountains, and human hearts that "smile and weep" alone do

not change. Not in the myriad commemorative buildings, but along the rugged paths and ancient highways we see with our hearts

> "Those holy fields
> Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
> Which, nineteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
> For our advantage on the bitter cross"—

The Church of the Holy Sepulcher, on the contrary, raises an interrogation as to whether it is Christian or pagan. The Sultan of Turkey owns it, and Greeks, Syrians, Latins, Armenians, Copts, and even the Anglicans celebrate the mass in it. The simple-hearted kiss the stairs and stones, kneel, weep, walk upstairs and downstairs with business-like devotion, put relics on the altars to be sprinkled with holy water by the priests, and express in a thousand different ways the nameless thirst and passion of the soul for goodness, holiness, and God. We are certain of only one fact; that is, that no one knows the site of the crucifixion; and it is almost equally certain that it was not where now the Church of the Holy Sepulcher rises. The attempt to show that the old wall was near at hand and within, is clumsy in the extreme. But if it were, Christianity is not a superstition, nor does it

get its character from altars of gold and pealing organs, nor chanting choirs. St. Peter's, St. Paul's, St. John's, St. Mark's and all the other saints have justification, but the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is a century-long misrepresentation of Jesus and His followers, and seems to be an occasion of infidelity, and not of faith. It is superior to Monte Carlo because it appeals to the weary-hearted, sick, and contrite, but it is a sad travesty upon belief in the self-sacrificing Savior, who was crucified under the open sky, appeared to many in the walks and highways about Jerusalem, and in His human life loved the sky, the mountain, and the lake.

Out at Bethlehem, where there is some little variation to the utter poverty of the land by reason of the mother-of-pearl industry, a Syrian said to me, "Would that either the Kaiser or the King would take Syria." The war between the Balkan allies and the Turks had just been renewed, the flood of Turkish brass coins from Tripoli had greatly reduced the purchasing power of the currency, and my orator was complaining about the enormities of taxation as practiced at Bethlehem. We heard the same wish expressed in more responsible quarters. Many look at Egypt and yearn for the same

regeneration the English have wrought there, and thinking that only the English can bring it to pass. Others credit the improvement in Palestine in the years since the German Emperor was there to the Germans, and wish for the Kaiser. The Germans ought to have Syria, and they would have it were it not for the desolating fear in England that it would mean the loss of the Suez Canal, and thus their route to India and Australia. The confused thinking that the German military training is only to make soldiers and incite the young Germans to martial ambition, obtains in America as well, but it is an obsession in England. If the English could appreciate what an asset such a taking over would be to world-peace, they would encourage, not look askance at it. An economic revival would begin the first year of the German occupation; the second would see the desert of Tekoa irrigated by Jordan water through all its wide extent; they would plant it to cabbages, raise vegetables, pasture it with kine and swine, make all kinds and varieties of *wurst*, and get great profit for themselves and all mankind. If either the Germans or English take Palestine, let us hope they will require building permits for any new church, mosque,

convent, or monastery, to be granted only by Reichstag or Commons, who we shall hope will be opposed thereto, and perhaps denude the Mount of Olives of every non-economic building which now disfigures it. At the same time corporation taxes ought to fall with size and certainty of non-evasion upon the indolent brotherhoods that fatten upon the simple-hearted from every land who seek to renew for themselves in Palestine the imperishable miracle of Christ formed within us the hope of glory.

The nonconformist foothold in Jerusalem is limited to the American colony and the work of the Missionary Alliance, under independent auspices, related to it. The Methodists have the beginnings of a fine plant given by the late Mrs. (Bishop) Newman, with an endowment, and accepted by the General Committee of Foreign Missions some four years ago. The building has been made habitable as a residence, and a summer assembly inaugurated. The underlying purpose of maintaining a school for post-graduate and missionary study meets a real need. The lot adjacent should be purchased, and when interested friends can be found to erect a suitable auditorium and commons, it is certain to be-

come a student center of the greatest importance to the whole Church. The question of an auditorium, while not immediately pressing, is an urgent duty laid upon the denomination. The Methodists, who as tourists by the hundred visit the Holy City, ought to have a church properly fitted up for simple worship, and a pulpit available where Methodist ministers can preach Jesus and the Resurrection in the locality of its origin. We appear to be the only ecclesia led by the providence of events into opportunity with its accompanying responsibility. The alternative is to perpetuate Protestant Christianity in the city of David by the English, Scotch, and German State establishments, already well-housed and with formalities of long standing. If nonconformity has a mission anywhere, it is in Jerusalem, where spiritual freedom has been corrupted and repressed by hierarchies for three thousand years. Ecclesiastics are the harsh "realisms" of faith; the "romanticism" of our holy religion, with its love, laughter, and passion, should be somewhat looked to.

We turn from the Holy City, the loftiest outlook on the globe over spiritual history, with a new glow on our souls and a heightened under-

standing of what Christ means to the world of ideals and individuals. Christianity could not long keep Jerusalem for its capital. It is a world-religion: catholic, all-embracing, expansive. Palestine was too small, too remote from the tides of war, adventure, and trade, which must bear it to all lands. Christianity must be represented more and more as an affair of actual life, the result of man's reaction upon his environment, and of his own experiment in the things of the Spirit. It has its genesis in the lives of persons and communities. It is the religious life of each person. There is no such thing as doctrinal Christianity; as a vital force it exists only in the lives of individual Christians. It is an attainment rather than a donation imposed upon man from without. We can exemplify it in any country, but its dissemination is not by might and by power. That it enlarges year by year, century after century, is high proof of the dispensation of the Spirit under which we live.

Chapter V

ENGLAND ALL THE WAY

WE returned to Port Said by the *Kossier*. The embarkment at Jaffa was memorable, if peril of life by launching through a foaming surf, risk of limb by leaping at a flying stairway on the side of the ship, sea-sickness meanwhile, and triumph in success afterwards, can make it so. The ship was late in weighing anchor, and it was mid-forenoon of the next day before, for the third time, we greeted the statue of De Lesseps pointing to his world-transforming ditch. The traffic of Port Said is peculiar to itself. Ships of all nations come and go; some wait for passage through the canal, others coal; mail transfers go on; rows of Egyptian sailboats, with long lateen yards, dirty thwarts, high prows, and low sides, with rowboats shuttling back and forth, and half a dozen sullen battleships, among them the *Hamediyeh*, just escaped from the Greeks, made the harbor an animated scene. The town is nothing but a transfer

station from shipboard to rail and from rail to ship; the hotels, liquor saloons, houses of doubtful character are such as invariably gather about large transient terminals. We feel about Port Said as Christian did when he climbed back from the castle of Giant Despair into the pilgrim path again, "Into that place may we enter no more." The remainder of the day was spent ashore, and after dinner, with the first bundle of letters from home which we had received, we were rowed out to the *Moldavia*, just as the Smart Set from the ship were rowing in for a "hop" at one of the large hotels.

The *Moldavia* is a typical P. & O. liner bound, when we boarded her, for Australia, carrying the mails, and with a full complement of passengers. Among them were Captain Harlow, U. S. N., and his wife; the Aga Khan, distinguished head of the Indian Mohammedan organization, who enraged all Mussulman India by the sapient letter published in the India *Times* the day we landed in Bombay; four members of the famous Leander Rowing "Eight," several English officers, the members of their families, and a swarm of young clerks going out to colonial offices. We were assigned to the

same table with four of these. They all participated in the deck sports, and won prizes either there or at the promenade ball given the night before we reached Aden. They were probably twenty-five years old, and we watched their habits and became happily acquainted with them. They began the day with Scotch; they had a second round on deck with other comrades in the steamer chairs about midforenoon; they had Scotch at the table preparatory to lunch, drank it instead of tea in the afternoon, and at night drank either champagne or port wine for dinner, and besides took a nightcap of Scotch at the bar before retiring. They had come all the way from London on the *Moldavia*, and the bill of one of them at Aden, which we saw presented, was between £11 and £12 sterling. He told me confidentially that he "was not feeling fit." Every one of them had been told that they could not live in India or the Straits Settlements without whisky, and that it was the sure preventive of all fevers and contagious diseases. We felt like telling them that they could not live and drink whisky the way they were doing on the *Moldavia*. The mortality among men of their class in India and China needs no other explanation. Like many

hotels, the P. & O. steamers can not be run profitably without the "bar."

The mails were aboard early and the ship steamed slowly along to keep the shore wash at a minimum. We sat on the upper deck and overlooked the sandy desolation. The railroad stations break the monotony on the right bank, and immense saltworks with great hills of salt, one looking as large as the old Hoosier slide at Michigan city, appear on the left. Huge sand-pumps for widening the canal, and ships many pass us Europe-bound. A troop-ship, its decks crowded with men in khaki, bands playing and flags flying, raised a great cheer as our ship's orchestra played "Rule, Britannia." The men of many different south continent colonies, the various occupations which they followed, the hopes they cherished, the opinions they uttered, and the eccentricities of nationality, individuals, and changing panorama of view made the conversation and debate of that first day on the *Moldavia*, while we passed through the canal, broadening and informing in the extreme. Fellow passengers in a ship soon become intimate. Meeting hour after hour in a small space, walking together on deck, sitting at the same table, they pass

first into acquaintance, and then freely communicate their adventures and their purposes.

The canal itself always started an Englishman, when talking with an American, on the respective merits of the Panama and Suez Canals. "How, in your opinion, will it affect shipping?" we were asked dozens of times; and would we arbitrate the coast-wise traffic tonnage exemptions? and would the Canadian railroads stand for it if we did not? were interrogations almost as certain to follow. The Australians were nowhere near so friendly and consenting to everything the Englishmen said as we supposed they would be; they had opinions of their own, and took particular pains to inform me that the ships which Australia and New Zealand were adding to the imperial navy were for home guard, and not for cruising abroad. They seemed to regard the cockney and the drinking-habits of the young clerks much as did we.

By comparison with the Panama enterprise, the Suez Canal is a small affair. The excavations we passed through were all of soft materials and desert sand, capable of being removed by pumping or, at worst, by dredging, and when the French opened it they had actually taken out seventy-two

million cubic yards of material, and piled it alongside the ditch. At Panama two hundred and twenty millions of cubic yards of excavation have been made, most of it, to loosen it, first blasted by dynamite, then loaded on to cars and hauled for miles either to the big dam or to distant dumps. The big dam at Panama has no parallel at Suez, and its terrific retaining walls to hold the waters of the Chagres River staggered the French capitalists and engineers. They turned it over to the Americans with the Culebra cut practically untouched. The late Colonel Gaillard, the engineer-commissioner who had charge of it, reported that five and one-half millions cubic yards had been removed before he took charge at Culebra, and that 112,500,000 cubic yards have been removed there alone since. Twenty-four millions cubic yards have been added to the estimates by the board of international engineers by the oozing of the sides laterally into the open cut at Culebra by reason of the enormous pressure of the weight above. A million cubic yards at Culebra means a solid block of stone three hundred feet long and as wide and as high. There were one hundred and eighteen such blocks. On the Panama hither side the excavation

began at Gold Hill, a point as high above the sea level as the Washington Monument rises above the Potomac, and on the other side it was only one hundred feet lower. The total excavation made at Panama would require a string of freight cars one hundred thousand miles long to hold its mass—long enough to reach four times round the earth. The Panama Canal was given up by the French, who began it, and is now completed; the English bought them out at Suez. Some genius for finishing things the mercurial Frenchman seems to lack, but his initial impulse is manifest.

We proposed to our fellow travelers that by the purchase of the canal zone, and because of our treaty relations to the Republic of Panama, we were in no such relations to the Panama enterprise as the country was when the Hay-Pauncefote treaty was negotiated. The clause in that treaty was copied verbatim from that guaranteeing the equal rights of all nations at Suez, which is hourly evaded by rebates to English shipping. No one seemed to think that we should hesitate to arbitrate on that account; even had we digged from New York to San Francisco, we should have still been obligated to give England the same rights to joint control

that inhered in the original pact. The latter proposition seems to have equal validity with the former. The coast-wise traffic should pay the same freight rates as the ocean-going tonnage, but that is in no wise because of the treaty. Congress should notify our English cousins that since we own the canal-strip by purchase, we regard it as American territory and send the retort courteous which we heard so often from Lord Salisbury concerning Venezuela, "There is nothing to arbitrate." England, Germany, and America ought to be hard and fast allies for world-peace and for settled governments in tropical countries, but this is not because of any example England has set us. A little frankness and a business-like arrangement of the tonnage rates will settle the whole question satisfactorily, unless Congress "stands pat," in which case only the Canadian railroads will have any cause for complaint.

It grew warm rapidly after leaving Suez, where we were detained for several hours on a sandbar, which we struck through a slight deviation from the harbor course. We needed all kinds of clothing in the five days, the temperature ranging from the shivering cold of the Mediterranean mid-winter to

the penetrating sun of the tropics. It was a quick transition from overcoats and woolens to summer-wear. We stood khaki for two days, and then gave ourselves up to the luxury of duck. Several missionaries seemed ready for the hot weather, but looked cold and needing heavier clothing until the Red Sea air warmed them up. They must have suffered dreadfully in Northern India, if they were bound thither.

The loyal English subscribed over £63 to provide prizes for deck sports and the fancy dress ball, which are regular features of every out-going journey. Had it not been serious, it would have been laughable to observe the way those having the recreations in charge insisted on the Americans getting full share in the events and prizes. The first prize for the "most original costume improvised on ship" was finally assigned, after many countings, to Mrs. (Captain) Harlow, who at the last moment draped herself in an American flag, provided by the gallant captain of the *Moldavia*. She appeared with a big burly rigged up as John Bull. Happily the elect lady, who was also asked to present the prizes, did her part in most demure and engaging fashion, and insisted that a special prize should be

given to the "second best," who had in such strange fashion come into competition with the "blood brotherhood" and "hands across the sea" necessities of the occasion, as judged by the captain. It was the saving grace for the whole affair. The captain showed the gallant Englishman he was by singing, with a cornetist to fill in between the stanzas, and repeating to a volleying encore, the song, "Who carries the guns?" By the time he had named England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, the crowd would have stood even for a sepoy.

We had cricket nets rigged up on the deck each day to give those who wished to keep in practice full opportunity; the game seemed very tame to us, and there is surely more excitement in one baseball game that goes twelve innings than in all the cricket played in England for a year. It was an incitement to comment to witness the cricketers quit when the afternoon bell for tea struck; a game that will allow tea to break in on it can never fully satisfy the American crowd. Then there is not sufficient nip and tuck in it; games to enthrall a crowd must run close enough to keep interest until the last inning has ended; that is the quality that,

on analysis, seems to me most magnetizing to Americans in the National game; one can keep interested in a score that opens the last innings with one to tie and two to win; given skill and headwork, they may pull the victory out even at the last; but cricket, while once in a year you might happen upon a "hair-raising" finish, is more likely to keep on like the brook, forever. A game that may be played with white flannels, and leave them immaculate at the finish, will not satisfy democracy.

But, while the game does not suit me, the way the English run the world does excite my admiration; at Aden it dawned upon my dull, lethargic thinking apparatus that Britain rules the sea not by excess of battleships, but by control of the coaling stations in all the East. At some point west of Alexandria and north of Malta you may coal ship under particular national auspices, but on the North African coast, within naval striking distance of Port Said, you may do it only by permission of His Britannic Majesty. You can sail or row, but to proceed under steam is by England's nod. There is nothing at Aden except a few ostrich feather peddlers, the British garrison, and coal. Kipling sang of Singapore:

"Hail, mother! East and West must seek my aid
Ere the spent gear may dare the ports afar;
The second gateway of the wide world's trade
Is mine to loose or bar."

Since the American occupation of Manila that is not quite so true of Singapore, but at Port Said, Suez, Aden, Ceylon, Bombay, Calcutta, Rangoon, and, for that matter, at Hong Kong and Shanghai, while the commercial rivalry with Germany may proceed, England speaks the last word of command. It is this priceless control of the ways of trade and campaign, these stations with coal and battleships, that make all other naval powers second rate, no matter how many ships of war may float the opposing flag. That is why it is so difficult to candidly propose that the Germans should have their way in Syria. Beirut and Haifa would at once become a threat at the lines of communication. The United States has far more potentiality by a series of supporting naval bases than either Germany or France. We divide control of the Atlantic with England. San Francisco, Hawaii, Guam, and Luzon, with the coast harbors, except for Japan, give us practical command of the North Pacific; the French lost their continuity of position in the Eastern world when they quit Egypt.

Had we sailed one week earlier or one week later, we should have gone direct to Bombay without change. As it was we bade good-bye to our *Moldavia* friends at Aden and boarded the *Salsette* lying in the harbor with steam up waiting for us. She is a fine six-thousand-ton ship, wearing a broom forward and sporting a rooster at her peak. She makes the alternating week connection for the P. & O. at Aden for Bombay. She is trim as a private yacht, can run like the *Isis*, and keep it up for months; her officers are gentlemen, the table-service a continual besetment, and the nights we spent upon her were a wonder to our uninformed eyes. From her deck we first saw the Southern Cross hang glorious in the evening sky; we watched the phosphorescence gleam along the ship's sides, and the flying fish go skimming over the water; Indians, thin, barefooted, looking ill-nourished, wearing only shirts and trousers, Aryan-faced, with deep-set eyes, stole cat-footed about the deck, and such a five days for pleasure and wonder we have never known. Of ships many that with stout planks or steel compartments have kept out the sea from us while we sailed, second only to the *Siberia*, of the Pacific Mail, we reckon the *Salsette*. Though

we were eight hours late out of Aden, we reached Bombay on the hour and found that brave-hearted missionary, W. E. Bancroft, superintendent of the dialect work in Bombay and environs, founder of the new trade school, preacher, scholar, and man of affairs, at the dock with welcome to his home on the Byculla Club road.

Chapter VI

THE GREAT CIRCLE OF INDIA—I

WHEN one lands in India he must practically elect the section over which he will travel and what he will choose to see. More important than his itinerary are the auspices under which he does his sightseeing. He can stop at the hotels, contrast them conversationally with those he has frequented in Canada or Mexico, hear the opinions, wise or otherwise, which any accomplished and versatile globe trotter fresh from his morning's "nip" at the bar can furnish about missions; buy some trinkets on the hotel veranda and, with the guide belonging to the same environment, drive in a carriage about the parks and gardens. That is the plan of the majority of tourists who travel by the P. & O. and North German Lloyd, and represents the travel knowledge of the Cleveland passengers. Of the *Salsette* tourists fully two-thirds went, on landing at Bombay, to a hotel munificently advertised, whose proprietor and house physician were in

court on having conspired to conceal four cases of cholera, contrary to the laws made and provided; and while we were yet in Bombay they were found guilty and a fine of £200 was assessed against them. It is all but certain that the tourists never heard of it and will dispute the accuracy of this statement, as one of our friends, whom we met eight hundred miles inland, felt called upon to do. He was squelched with a clipping from the daily papers. Then there is the plan of keeping aloof from the hotels, living with the missionaries, going about under their direction, advising with them about objects of human interest, learning from them the people who are worth seeing, hiring your own conveyances, chaffering in the bazaars over your small purchases, figuring out the time of your own trains, and penetrating as much as you can into the life of the great, jostling millions who, inscrutable, hopeless, and fascinating, go forward to their judgment day and doubtless to ours. The papers are full of advertisements and give complete accounts of the debates in the House of Commons; but we bought them galore at four annas each (over eight cents), trying to find out who constituted the new Cabinet who were to sit with Presi-

dent Wilson and divide the executive responsibilities of the new Administration, but save that Mr. Bryan was Secretary of State, we sought and looked in vain. In Palestine it is mountains, flowers, skyline, and the high thoughts which should come in high places that attract, but India is of breathless interest because of the customs, barbarities, caste, religion, and economic conditions of the crowds that swarm like rabbits in a warren. The hotel atmosphere is as remote from the real India as are the antipodes. The great Cook may well be patronized by people who take their holiday by travel instead of at a summer or winter resort, and who are temperamentally fitted for it, and everywhere railway and steamship tickets may well be purchased of Cook. But men who wish to put themselves into the crucible of another civilization, that a precipitate of charity, energy, and service may result; who wish to enlarge themselves beyond the native mold and environment in which they were cast, will find the conduct of tourist agencies and the services of hotel guides practically valueless. India, of all countries, is the most difficult to fathom;

"For east is east, and west is west,
And never the twain shall meet,"

has an underlying modicum of fact that makes the lines the words of a seer, and not merely a quotable sentiment. We had hotel experience at Ahmendebad, Jaipur, Agra, and Benares, and for the rest dwelt among "mine own people."

There are many beaten paths about India; there is one taken always by merchants and men in a hurry, through Jubbulpore, and by the mail route between Bombay and Calcutta. We followed the great circle, via Jaipur, Delhi, and all that revel of names that we have heard at Methodist Conferences from time immemorial, making a detour from Allahabad south so as to attend the Central Provinces Conference session at Jubbulpore, and then back again for Benares and on to Calcutta, from which, as a point of departure, we visited Darjeeling for the view of the Himalayas. We had five weeks for India. We had planned for less, and only an important Government engagement kept us from doubling the length of the visit. Only those who have lived in India will know how short those weeks were, and the heart-sorrow when, at Calcutta, David Lee, a name imperishable in the missionary annals of India, at once apostle and prophet, saint and servant, waved us aboard the

Ellenga. It is the land of heroism; China, too, is full of heroes, but the heroisms of China are part of a swift, seething movement forward, with the workers knowing that the day is breaking and that deliverance is at hand. But in India the heroes have part in a flux of things that go no whither, and where events are not discernibly better. Even the glacier movement in the Swiss mountains may be discerned, and here and there on some great peak the break and scar of some fissure indicates that, however slowly, the glacier has already begun to move down the valley toward the river and the sea. There is no discernible fissure scar in India. It must be better, but it is only as the eleventh century was better than the tenth century in the mediæval darkness, because it was a century farther on. We can not name all the heroes we met, nor delineate their heroisms. The categories of space and time, not those of yearning and love, keep me silent. Their faces and voices, their homes and their high emprise rank them in abiding memory on that battlefield of unselfish fame.

We have already named Mr. Bancroft. He accompanied us on the excursion to the caves of Elephanta, where we learned the indescribable in-

decency of Hindoo temples and worship at first hand; showed us the Bombay market at sunrise, followed with me a Parsee procession to the "Towers of Silence," arranged a brief visit to Wilson College, and to the industrial school he has established for the maintenance of his high-caste converts; five services we attended together on the Sunday spent in his diocese. He acted as my interpreter at the Gujarat service, found one of his native helpers to do likewise for the Mahratti, and on his porch we baptized three young men, whose story reads like a chapter out of some book of martyrs. The man would be unique in any Conference. He believes that native persistence in the Christian life requires an utter break with heathenism and the support of the converts on a new economic basis. He has capitalized out of his small salary an industrial school, for all practical plans a factory, for making mission furniture. Ten men, friends of missions, or at least friends of opportunity, ought to give him $100 each, so that he could purchase a gas engine, saws, planer, sticker, and help to perfect a little plant that would give employment to fifty men in the interim of losing their old livelihood and readjusting themselves to Christian

fellowship. When that is done, a steel trunk addition, then a printery, and other industries, of the highest educational value, and self-supporting from the very beginning, will follow.

Miss Abbott is the first of the great sisterhood, called the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, we met in India, but inseparably associated with her are Mrs. F. M. Wilson, Miss Lawson, Miss Poole, and Mrs. Alma Hearne Holland, the gifts of Iowa Wesleyan College to the mission enterprises of the Church. Miss Abbott had shown our daughter, now a missionary's wife, through some zenanas a year prior to our visit. She repeated the courtesy to Mrs. Schell, who compressed the observations of the India tour into the terse truism that "heathenism, however named, is one vast organized crime against womanhood and childhood." It has been our privilege to attend the national gathering of the P. E. O. held in our own college chapel, and lead a pilgrimage to the very rooms where it was initiated; seven hundred queenly women, teachers, editors, soloists, home-makers, business-trained, heart-trained, handsomely gowned, made up the audience. We have known the Eastern Star in communities where that order repre-

sented the best and bravest women are, and attempt for the age that is to be; our daughters have brought into our home knowledge of what the Greek sororities cherish as ideals, and their attempts to approximate it in heart and home; and without wish to disparage or minify any of these or other sisterhoods, in our judgment the women of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society take the palm. They have gone out from homes of the tenderest and most devoted culture, college-trained, and with a devotion and sympathy that only women could show have set themselves at the task of regenerating the women of all lands and obtaining for their despised sisters of Oriental countries the commonest protection and decency afforded for women in America; following the example of Mary of Bethany, who broke the alabaster box of ointment very precious at the feet of Christ, they have brought the skill of Western surgery, the teaching faculty of Occidental countries, and the deep spiritual insight of their consuming devotion, and with every charm and all the winsomeness of engaging womanhood have put these talents at the service of their poor, sinned-against and sinning sisters of India.

All our mission properties in Bombay are burdened with debt. There would be no profit in locating the responsibility if it were possible so to do. The wish to get into dialect work, the dependence which missionary committees at home must place on the estimates for old and new work, made often by inexperienced men, and the changing personnel of the men on the committees to whom the budgets are referred in New York, have brought about in Bombay, as elsewhere, an acute situation. Face to face with the terrible heathenism of that city our immediate appropriations are exhausted in paying interest and reducing the indebtedness. The properties the Church occupies are well chosen and admirably adapted to their purpose, but interest on the debts has accumulated to the point that makes ownership at Bombay—

> "Between the palm and the sea,
> Where the world-end steamers wait,"—

in our judgment a question of name, and not of fact. Three-fourths of all tourists begin their trip across India at Bombay, and a large part of the criticism of our missionary enterprises must grow out of a situation that confronts them there, for

which no one on the field is responsible and inherited from good knights whose swords are already rust. There is no fair appropriation for native workers on any district in India, and the actual work of the district superintendents is at such long range to secure funds to pay the native helpers, without whom no permanent progress is possible.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society has an unexampled opportunity to open a college for women in Bombay. Good administration requires that the Parent Board confine itself to work already undertaken, but this new college would serve the hundreds of Parsee young women, and seems like the beckoning hand of Providence. The women only can do it; it is to them the invitation calls. Given housing and equipment, like Mr. Bancroft's industrial school, it would be more than self-supporting from the very first, would render imperial service to all India, be a permanent contribution to the good of the municipality, and making as it should the impression produced by a visit to the Isabella Thoburn College at Lucknow, or to Miss Lawson's school at Cawnpore, would radically change the earliest thought tourists get of missionary work in India.

From Bombay to Baroda is a short night's ride. That is the sphere of influence assigned to Dr. Linzell, whose good work on the missionary committee in the last General Conference will long abide. The theological school, the Nicholson Memorial, the schools and hospital of the Woman's Foreign Misisonary Society, are located in the cantonment, the mile square, where the English camp is quartered. Through an interpreter we spoke to the theologues. The attendance is less than at Bareilly. One could not fail to grow thoughtful in these training schools where the future ministry of India is now on the potter's wheel. The courses are simple, and yet produce prodigious enlargement to the minds of the young men and their wives; for all, as now occurs to me, were married. They are making the men who shall make India. We found ourselves wishing that a few simple courses in chemistry, physics, and biology might be arranged. Christianity all over the East means the English language, Western science, and the practice of equality. Baroda and Bareilly mean to India what Roberts College has meant to the Balkan States, and are precursors of the same influence which the Anglo-Chinese schools at Penang

and Singapore are to-day exercising on the Republic of China.

We saw the Gaekwar's palace, with the solid gold cannon at its entrance, the tomb in the streets, which to move would raise a rebellion, scared the monkeys in the gardens, greeted the missionaries in Dr. Linzell's home, visited the hospital, and saw the Gaekwar riding with an escort. He is the most progressive of all the native princes, and the only one that is an actual ruler with administrative influence and competency. The single proof of his efficiency, needed to satisfy the Western world, is that many of his subjects go to the English cantonment and are permitted to marry there under circumstances that would prohibit the union in the Gaekwar's territory. The Baroda mission is a fine example of the influence missionaries exert in foreign lands upon those who occupy the "seats of the mighty." The Gaekwar, though officially following the Hindoo cult, has the Woman's Foreign Missionary physician for the women of his family, and applied to Dr. Linzell for a list of specifications in attainment and rank required of those who shall be permitted to follow the office of "religious teacher." The mendicant "fakirs" have aroused

his princely wrath, and seem to him evidently to require some better economic basis than preying upon the superstitious natures of his people, if they are to continue in their calling.

We missed the trade school at Nardiad, an illustration and forerunner of a hundred like it yet to be established. It is a type of the best avenue of missionary propaganda, except school and hospital, yet followed. Ahmendebad is architecturally almost as interesting as wider-famed Delhi and Agra. Jaipur is *sui generis*. Maharajah is the title of its nominal ruler. He is one of the potentates who survive in name, but have no vital place in the conduct of affairs. There is a difference in the titles of rajah, maharajah, begum, nawab, gaekwar, king, emperor, and Lord This and Lord That, but to delimit exactly the frontier of their original and imported meanings, except at Baroda, is a work of supererogation. The Gaekwar rules in Baroda, except in the cantonment; everywhere else the English resident is the government *de facto*. So much for the Maharajah of Jaipur, who has two palaces within the walls of the city and a third at Amber. Admission to the palaces can be obtained only by a permit issued by Colonel Bailey, the resident. He

has made a requirement that tourists shall apply for admission after they reach Jaipur, a rule founded on courtesy and good form. The day is really necessary to make arrangements for their reception at the city palace and provide elephants to transport the party to Amber, a distance of five miles beyond the walls, and its approach not permissible save by bullock cart or elephant. A party of eight English gentlemen and their wives had to stay for the second day, but my card and a brief explanation to the colonel's aide of my Government errand to the Philippines brought us, in addition to a personal interview with the resident, the coveted cards. We had a pleasant sojourn in the palace, to which public admission is given in the city proper, saw the tigers in the cages which adjoin the business section, and heard them roar, which a tip to the attendant will occasion; did all kinds of shopping, and have regretted ever since that we did not buy more of the gewgaws for sale there rather than less. To this was added the ride to Amber, where we wandered from room to room, noticing the gorgeous fittings with which the ancient kingly state was set about, and the pains taken by baths, gardens, jewels, and finery to reconcile the

queen favorite to her loneliness and solitude. The lofty elevation, naturally impregnable, on which the palace is built, the wildness approximating jungle on the very edge of which the palace stands, and where tigers still nightly issue forth, if the word of the guides may be believed, and the enforced labor and skill necessary to build such a structure makes a forcible introduction to the Shah Jehan period of Indian civilization and government.

Delhi, now the official residence of the viceroy, except during the heated term, when the capital is at Simla, would need a volume to describe. Frank M. Wilson, superintendent of the Delhi District, one of the great missionaries of modern times, met us at the depot. On his advice we discarded, as a means of conveyance, camels which we had ridden to the pyramids, the donkeys which had conveyed us about Jerusalem, and the elephant for the ride to Amber, and embarked upon a Pierce-Arrow; we were whisked about the fort walls, tombs, and palaces, finishing our outward-bound ride at the Kutab Minar, and returning by the old observatory, speaking to this generation the scientific attainments of the Mohammedan invaders. We saw

where stood the peacock throne, read the tablets at the gate which commemorates the valor of those who perished to breach it in the wild days of the mutiny, were shown the window from which the bomb attempting the life of the Viceroy was thrown, rode to the site of the Durbar, which celebrated the accession of George V, and to other memorials of valor and honor which the city contains.

The Methodist work in Delhi is limited to the native dialect; the Baptists have a strong following and an English congregation. The commission appointed to report the condition of the India Sunday schools to the International Convention at Zurich were in Delhi the Sunday we spent there, and after preaching through Brother Wilson as an interpreter, we were privileged to attend the long interview he gave a member of the commission on the "mass" movement in his district, and heard the sermon in the Baptist church in the quiet of the evening hour.

But the real India is not to be found in Bombay, Delhi, Lucknow, or Calcutta, nor in anything they offer by way of sight or suggestion. There are six hundred and ninety-five thousand villages, averaging approximately five hundred people each,

that make up the real India. They are isolated, practically impenetrable, except where the government has built roads, and dak bungalows, essentially represent the villages of Palestine at the time of Christ, and remain the oldest illustration of what the world was at the dawnings of civilization. Century after century the dead level of their hunger, swinishness, bestiality, and caste has continued. You see occasional villages from the car windows, and to one of them at least every traveler who would wish to say that he has seen India must go. The Wilsons planned our excursion for us. They took their servants, dishes, bedding—ours also (for every traveler in India carries, as in Christ's day in Palestine, his bed)—and food; loaded us into a train, which pulled out of Delhi parallel to the great road over which Alexander and his invading phalanx marched three hundred years before the Cross was set up. We alighted at an unpronounceable station, spelled Behadighar, where tongas were in readiness to carry us three and one-half miles down a macadam road built by the government to a dak bungalow, erected also by the English to accommodate the army officers and the health and civil service employees, whose duties may

call them to the district. Without these roads and bungalows any supervision of the villages would be impossible. It is scant enough with them, and yet is the beginning of law and authority. The bungalows are divided into kitchen, sitting and sleeping rooms which are fitted up with cots, and a charge of sixteen cents per person is made, but they are free to missionaries if not occupied at their coming.

Then for another four miles we rode on an ekka, and then off the main road for three-fourths of a mile to the village of Tikri, where for two years a company of faithful souls of the "sweeper caste," knowing the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the Twenty-third Psalm, had yearned, hoped, and waited for baptism. They came running together at our approach. Brother Wilson preached, exhorted, interrogated; Mrs. Wilson sang, talked to the women, taught the children the Commandments, and examined the necks and breasts of the poor, wild things for charms against evil spirits which they are prone to cling to, and a few demurred at surrendering. We have in our keepsakes several of these poverty-stricken mementos of that day. Then Brother Wilson went into

every little mud hovel they call a house, to be certain that no shrines were still kept; and then a long interview was held with the chaudrais (the slight semblance of governing that the mahullah, or ward, affords) concerning a big shrine standing nearby in the street. Certain high-caste men certified that it belonged to the whole village and could not be torn down. Meanwhile the day waned, and then, after more preaching and prayers, and renewed questioning as to the spiritual meaning of baptism, by families they knelt down and received the ordinances. The chaudrais cut off every chutia, the long lock which several of the men had retained as the lingering heathenish practice; the men seemed to me to knit into courage and capacity by the rite; the women trembled at our hands. Once, after a great ingathering, we baptized sixty-four on a single Sabbath morning; at Tikri seventy-two witnessed in the Spirit we trust by water. Some few were Chemars, a caste slightly higher than the sweepers, and probably another fifty were in the fields, and yet lament their enforced absence on that memorable day. A throng of high-caste men stood about wondering, doubtless, what the strange occasion foreshadowed to those baptized, to the

village, and to themselves and their ancient privileges—nothing, probably, they decided, as pride and privilege are everywhere dull to the portents of coming change. A collection followed—some poor, shriveled, brass coins; some eggs, a diminutive chicken, about the size of a good, plump quail; in total perhaps two rupees. Then, as night drew on apace, a crowd of children and youth accompanied us to the high road, bade us good-bye, and our last memory is of their sweet salaams and the chorus of the hymns which followed us down the pike like the voice of waters, and which rise now in our souls when an organ swells and a choir sings. The children looked out of their eyes as though they were from the Mt. Pleasant schools and homes. It was pitch-dark and pouring rain before we reached the bungalow, and on account of rain we could not go the next day to two other villages. The Viceroy of India, Lord Hardinge, whom we saw alight from his official train on our return to Delhi, on his first public appearance after the dreadful attempt upon his life, and the sepoys, who in feathers and regimental panoply guarded his progress, looked commonplace by comparison with the eager faces of the Tikri children and youth.

Bishop Warne, equal of any man since apostolic times in labors and consecration, whose guests we were at Lucknow, told me in the gathering twilight, seated in his own home, of going to a like village; they yearned for baptism; five villagers had previously, because of baptism, been denied water from the public well and had died of thirst. The bishop and district superintendent canvassed the situation and decided that it was better for the villagers not to baptize them. The decision caused great sorrow and disappointment. Then, with tears running down his face, the bishop told me how eight of them followed him down the road twelve miles, waiting while he slept, and appeared at early morning at the depot as he was leaving the district, and again asked him that he would seal their faith and commission them even for death by baptism. What would you do? There are ten thousand on the Delhi District alone waiting now these two years. The fact of baptism works like iron in their blood, and they deem it consent to their equality with the strange sahibs who come from beyond the wall at the end of the world. It helps them in industry, gives them hope, and is like some great charter, some declaration of independence to the individuals,

the caste, and the village. The missionary committee ought to add ten thousand dollars each to the appropriations of the North and Northwest India Conferences this year, and thus call upon the Church to meet this wild surge toward Christianity.

Chapter VII

THE GREAT CIRCLE OF INDIA—II

THE fort on the banks of the Jumna, with the marble mosque and the Taj Mahal, took us to Agra. Morning, noon, and at sunset we viewed the shapely, graceful structure of the Taj Mahal, approached by curving roads, of delicate beauty, mirrored in the limpid lake constructed to reflect it, and inferior, in the opinion of impartial judges, only to the Parthenon. The guide-books will tell you all about it, and inform you of the wonderful lamp with which Lord Curzon, the titled husband of an American woman, enriched the interior dignity. The final imprisonment of Shah Jehan by his son excites us to Latin, "*Sic gloria transit.*" We took a guide at the Cawnpore depot, which we reached at an early hour, for a drive to Wheeler's Intrenchment, the Massacre Ghat, and the Memorial Well. This latter is worth any discomfort of travel by sea or land to look upon; not for the heavenly-carved angel, nor for the sublime scroll

bearing the words, "These are they who came out of great tribulation," nor the surrounding park, all the gift of Victoria Regina, but for that moment at the entrance. We rode up and climbed out of the carriage to be saluted at the moment by an English soldier, plume in his cap, red coat, and white gloves. The guide says, *sotto voce*, "Native guides are not permitted to enter the gardens," and directed us to the Memorial. Again the soldier saluted, and resumed his guard. That is the superb punishment good old England has visited upon the native peoples of India for now fifty-seven years, and is likely to continue for a century longer. It is a continual reproach for their broken faith. They promised safe conduct for six hundred and fifty-three women and children from the intrenchment to Allahabad. With the indescribable deviltry and treachery of heathenism, they escorted them to the ghat at the bank of the river, where they were to embark, and after some were aboard, shot them all down. Only one escaped. For this act of treachery against women and children, exclusion from the gardens and the memorial have been enforced upon the Indians ever since the mutiny. Once an order in council permitted the North India Conference,

many members of which are natives, to visit the memorial in a body, and around that white marble-rimmed sepulcher they knelt, while one of the members, who as a boy had seen the terrible slaughter, led in prayer. We asked the native guide for the Methodist mission, and were told that it was five miles away. With the engagements ahead we had not time for such a drive, but we were then only a few short blocks from Miss Lawson's school, the object of our quest. Had we known the wise ways of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, or been in the company of an English guide, we should not have missed it. One of the sisterhood had just died of smallpox, and sympathy required the call. Miss Lawson, second of all that wonderful organization, went to India to begin women's work for women; what Jane Addams is to Chicago, Anna Lawson is to Cawnpore. The hundred things we saw that we did not plan to see, do not make up for this which for months we had planned, and through reliance on a native guide missed. Happy the school that takes its name from so radiant a personality, and woe to us so steeped in denominational colloquialisms as to lose sight of the one by practice of the other.

THE GREAT CIRCLE OF INDIA—II

There are two occasions of a journey to Lucknow; one is the bishop, who took us to his home, opened for hours God's way with him in that far land, and speeded us on our way with rejoicing. The other is B. T. Badley, secretary of the Epworth League for India, born and reared adjacent to his present residence, inheriting a name honored in mission annals, educated in America, with the English pride of race and achievement, and incarnating in himself the youth of the world he represents. The bishop and the secretary took us to Reid Christian College and showed us over the residency, scene of the greatest heroism the great annals of great England show. In boyhood we had read the authoritative book on the mutiny, and the secretary's library yielded the precious volume. Like a new tale of old adventure the story came back: the land denuded of Englishmen; the changes in provincial administration, especially in Oudh; the conspiracy of degenerate princes; the misplaced faith of the English officers in the sepoys, taken unawares at church; the unfathomable hatred of the Mussulmen; the march of the regiments in full uniform toward Cawnpore under that burning sky; the wild trumpetings of the elephants; the disorder

they caused in the artillery; the escape from the flank movement; the hurried retreat; the energy and efficiency with which almost in a day Lawrence transformed that big front dooryard into an impregnable fortress; the lone three thousand surrounded there by fifty thousand sepoys with English rifles, having been taught their use by English drill sergeants, and another hundred thousand sympathetic natives armed with hate and the spur of plunder to feed, spy for, and encourage them,—all these and fifty other details crowded down the corridors of memory.

And now, in company with the bishop and the secretary, we visited the actual scene; saw for ourselves where the sandbags were piled, the artillery stationed, where the assaults were made; went into the old church from which finally retreat was made, and down into the cellars where the women and children were huddled, swarmed upon by flies, dying of typhoid; and where Jenny, the Scotch maid, cried out, "Oh! dinna ye hear the slogan far awa'?" Then, after two hours, we went to the cemetery, where since King George's coronation they put flowers every day on the tomb of Lawrence, and read on the simple slab:

"Here lies
HENRY LAWRENCE,
Who tried to do his duty.
May God have mercy on his soul!"

In Westminster Abbey, along with England's great sons, by reason of birth or favoritism, many mediocrities have obtained sepulture, but in the "acre" of the residency only heroes sleep. Every name is immortal, and it is no wonder that from many lands they bring back for burial with comrades those who kept the banner of England floating there. Those hours were sacramental, and long into the night, when bishop and secretary were asleep, we read the book, rejoiced that such as they were at the helm in that dark land, and felt the glory in our souls that of that noble three thousand, nine hundred and ninety-two came through. It helps to "Assert eternal Providence, and justify the ways of God with men."

The Isabella Thoburn College for women and the Lucknow College for men illustrate the final reliance that Christianity must put upon the slow processes of education and the enlargement of mind and spirit. Two of Bishop Robinson's daughters

have large responsibilities at Thoburn College, and that institution is worth a chapter in the expanding roll of faith begun in the Epistle to the Hebrews. After breakfast with the women we spoke in chapel on the superiority of Christianity to Mohammedanism, with a dozen young women of Islamic birth listening attentively. Most of them have already discarded the veil, and study, dine, and recite with the regular classes. Like the leaping fires from the scaur of Lemnos to the watching roof in Ithaca to indicate that Troy had fallen, those two schools in Lucknow flash the story of coming dawn on the Hindoo hills.

From Lucknow, through Allahabad, junction of the Jumna and Ganges, with time only for a brief survey of that important center, we rushed for Jubbulpore, so as to attend the Conference of the Central Provinces, in session there under the presidency of Bishop John W. Robinson. It had for us all the strange attraction of my first Conference, when Bishop Harris presided, Dr. Fowler spoke for missions, and preached in the opera house on Sunday afternoon; when Hartzell, of the Freedmen's Aid; William Taylor, Bishop of Africa to be, and McCabe, of the Church Extension Society, stirred

my slow pulses by their eloquence and fervor. At Jubbulpore five graduates of Iowa Wesleyan are at work. The Abbotts, husband and wife; Brother Hermann, treasurer of the mission and head of the theological school; Mrs. Holland, Miss Poole, all cherish the blessed alma mater; and, gathered at one table, we sang the songs, gave the cheers, and once the bishop, who is from Iowa, joined us in the "yell." We lectured, preached the Conference sermon, led the devotions, spoke to the theological students, and had the honor (for so it is counted) of going to the barracks and addressing the soldiers quartered there. We were guests at Mrs. Hearne's "Yellow House," where all the Conference breakfasted, lunched, and dined together; called at the home of the Abbotts and Hermanns, and at Miss Poole's invitation rode in a bullock cart to the Madan Mahal, some three miles from the Yellow House. We started at 7.15 o'clock in the forenoon, and reached the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society school in time for breakfast at 12.30 P. M. Time, five hours; distance, six miles. But the rate was less than might be calculated, as the last half mile was covered on foot, and Mrs. Schell and Miss Poole spoke to a Brahmin vowed to silence,

who displayed himself in a red gown, and thus errors of speculation are imported into the mathematics of the journey. The invitation, the genial company, and the wide view were probably inseparable from the means of conveyance. But, then, it is good to learn how the tide of life plodded forward in "our grandfathers' days." Wherever the graduates of a college gather and speak lovingly of its Faculty, its history and hope, there is the college. So Iowa Wesleyan belongs to India. It recruits the membership of many Conferences at home, and at the same time gives two strong men and six remarkable women to the India foreign field. Sons and daughters such as they forever praise her in the gates, and more than justify every dollar given to the equipment and endowment of the institution.

The "mail" on all the India railroads is a fast train, making almost double the speed of the "express" and carrying only first and second class passengers. Baggage on the Indian railways must be checked at the depots from which the tickets are purchased. It happened that at Bombay, having bought our ticket from one station, and finding it more convenient to leave from another, the bag-

gageman would not check our trunks, and so trunks, bedding-roll, handbags, and suit-cases were taken into the compartments all over India. Steamer trunks such as ours were all shoved under the seat, upon which you make up your bed for the night's ride. We had a compartment to ourselves on the "mail" from Jubbulpore to Moghal Serai, the main line station for Benares. We were early at the bathing ghats. It was a feast day, which brought out an unusual crowd, and various personages estimated that two hundred and fifty thousand people bathed in the Ganges that morning. Some of the most dreadfully indecent temples in India are adjacent to the Ganges at Benares, and on that morning they were crowded. A heap of bodies to be burned later that morning recall Edwin Arnold's lines:

"For all the tears of all the eyes
Have room in Gunga's bed,
And all the sorrow is gone to-morrow,
When the white flames have fed:"

the thousands wading into the water, scooping it in their hands and swallowing the filthy stuff; other thousands polishing their brass water-jars, meanwhile occasional carcasses of dead animals, festering

and bloated, drifting down the river, and the hundreds of boats, with upper decks for sightseers, made such a scene as is not obtainable anywhere else on the planet, and which few would care to see again. The Monkey Temple is as despicable, filthy, and vile as the Kalighat at Calcutta, though both white and black goats are offered at Benares. It was after such a day as this that Bishop McDowell is reported to have said to Mrs. McDowell, president of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society: "After this we shall never have another happy day." The indecencies of the temples, the open loathesomeness of heathenism, and the ignorance, superstition, and fanaticism of the surging throngs gave me a depression from which it took me weeks to recover. Benares ought to be labeled like the gates of Dante's "Inferno,"

"All hope abandon, ye, who enter here."

After the tour of Benares, the human body we saw drifting with the tide in the river at Calcutta, shoved off from some burning ghat in the absence of the mourners, so as to save the fuel for its incineration, was rather less shocking.

The "mail" whisked us from Benares to Calcutta

in fifteen hours. A high-caste Hindoo shared the compartment with us for some hours. He had been educated at Cambridge, spoke excellent English, and was as much interested in America as we were in India. We discoursed together about Benares, and he expressed great interest in the attempts of the Brahm-Somaj to reform Hindooism. As in our conversation we tended toward mutual frankness we put to him the statement of the hadji that Western science had put the war materials into the hands of the Christian powers. Evidently he had often discussed the proposition before, for he quietly replied that it was "not the military power of the Occident that was to be feared, but the efficiency of the Western syllogism." The Hindoo is addicted to what he labels "absolute thought," and bases his syllogism on some affirmation having general acceptance, or on some speculation credited to a "deity" or "divinity." The Occidentalist long examines his basic statement by observation before he risks an induction from it. This is what the Hindoo meant by his phrase, the "efficiency of syllogism." This habit of mind is the only corrective for superstition abroad or at home, and our faith, whether hay, wood, stubble,

or gold, is tried as by its fire, and the days shall declare of what sort it is. If universal experience could be accumulated and tabulated, it would settle the matter; but we lack the proper powers to so accumulate and tabulate. So long as Dalton, because he is color-blind, declares there are only two primary colors in the spectrum, all he is able to see, and Sir William Herschel says there are three, because he can see them, third parties interrogate our powers of observation. At any rate it is certain we exercise these powers, if we possess them, under limitations that make them practically valueless, and we must remain hesitant about the basis of our syllogism, which it most concerns us to know. But it is not quite so serious as it appears, for it is heart, and not thought, that furnishes the dynamics of life.

It seemed like the coming of some longed-for Sabbath to a weary laborer to reach the Lee Memorial Home, Wellington Square, Calcutta; great it was to meet David Lee, beloved in the gospel! to sit at their board, kneel with them in their family devotions, and ride about with them, to find the spot of the Black Hole tragedy, and in their company to see the Heber Memorial, the frown-

ing fortifications, the botanical gardens, with its rare orchids and famous banyan tree, and watch the gyrations of the drum major in the Black Watch regiment band, as they gave concerts in the esplanade. One boy was left to them, a baby in his mother's arms at the time of the Darjeeling disaster, which in an hour left the Lees desolate and enriched that heathen city with the Lee Memorial Home. Another son has since come to heal their loneliness. On our part we renewed a fellowship exceedingly precious, which time can not sunder.

We pressed northward so as to spend the Sabbath in Darjeeling. In the manse of the Union Church, Rev. Joseph Culshaw, editor of the *India Witness*, greeted us, took us to the government house, introduced us to the civil dignitaries already arriving to spend the hot months in that famous mountain resort, pointed out the path of that cloudburst that carried the Lee family away, and in the school with Miss Knowles and in the church on Sunday we felt that kindling of faith and friendship, and found the sure medicant for the souls of those who have looked over the wall into perdition and staggered back on heaven's side. All mountain heights are difficult of ascent, but once

ascended, unless storms intervene, the sight is glorious. At Darjeeling we looked up to the roof of the world. For two hundred and fifty miles the massive Himalayas unrolled their splendors before our mortal eyes, flashing back with their white bosoms the glory of the Eternal. The yawning abysses beneath filled with clouds seemed to roll and swell like some vast sea, and the pure, impeccable, snowy vastness of Kinchinjunga was declarative of holiness and God. Up on a windswept height we plucked a prayer which some poor soul, feeling after God, had tied to a tree, and, folding it with some flowers from Gethsemane, we shall keep it as a mute witness that once we brought the prayer of a sorrowing heart to Him who sorrowed there.

The Darjeeling tea plantations, clustering and clinging on every square foot of cultivable soil, produce the rarest tea of the world's great farm, and add the charm of green things growing. Grown in that lofty altitude, the tea, perhaps like character, ripened close to the sky, adds a nameless flavor not duplicated by that grown on lower ground.

Back in Calcutta, we preached for Mr. Wark in the First Church, one of the first five or six leading Churches of the connection. That Kansan is every

inch a man, and fewer men with larger life experience is the lesson of his quick adjustment to that international parish. Miss Maxey is the elect lady who directs the affairs of the Deaconess Home. It was so good to find that little island of hope and calm in "the City of the Dreadful Night." We went on a night expedition with Miss Reeve, of the Lee Home, to a crowded section, where, with a stereopticon, to a court full of eager-faced natives she told the story of the Pilgrim's Progress.

Three things clamor to get said before we conclude this chapter. They have long been discussed in the private debating society of my judgment, and therefore we do not need to discuss them here, but simply enumerate them.

First, the Missionary Society should in some way organize the special gifts department and send forward the appeals from the New York office, and not burden the district superintendents of India with the support as well as the selection and administration of the native workers. The plan of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society works admirably. This is no stricture upon missions like that of David Lee, now, as always, on the William Taylor plan of self-support.

Second, some better plan of selecting missionaries and of eliminating inefficient men from the field must be devised. Only two men we met in our work abroad would not have our welcome were we, as once, the head of a district; but when the two approximate two-fifths of the recruits to the force of the field in a single year, they mark an administrative failure.

And third, one or two of the missionary bishops for India ought to be commissioned by some quasi authority for properly financing the India situation. The North and Northwest India Conferences require an annual increase of $10,000 for the next five years. The debts of the Bombay properties, as well as those elsewhere, must be paid; that industrial school of Mr. Bancroft enlarged for thousands instead of fifties. Following the Thoburn custom, which has become practically a precedent, one or two of those bishops should face the financial stone wall in America, not India. It is to be a long campaign, and like all kings going to war, we must count the cost and finance the campaign, not by three-per-cent cuts on the whole field, but by some animating consecration that will increase the support of the gospel extension in the Indo-peninsula.

Chapter VIII

HALF WAY

CALCUTTA, like New Orleans, is both sea-port and river-port. The sailings are early in the day, so that the ship may reach the mouth of the Hughli, full of shifting bars and dangerous currents, before dark. We looked our last on the Eden Gardens, Fort William, the Hastings Bridge, and the Engineering College, and had final view of the botanical gardens founded in 1786. According to Sir Joseph Hooker, they have contributed more useful and ornamental tropical plants to public and private gardens than any other establishment before or since. The "tea" industry of Northern India had its origin in the brain of one of its curators. There was more for India in his thought than in those "sublime instincts of an ancient people" about which congressmen talk so glibly. The first problem of life is food; therefore the bread question presses. Correlated to it in

India, as elsewhere, is the labor question. The labor markets of the world are closed to them because of their ancestral precedence code. You can not raise food enough to feed India with a crooked stick, nor harvest it with a reaping-hook, nor can you give a man work who will only work with men of a certain caste. It is good to think of the full dinner-pail that "tea" has brought to many men who even yet never have any food left after a meal.

The *Ellenga,* of the British India Line, on which we sailed, is one of a large fleet of antiquated ships, making up in number what they lack in quality. Kipling long ago labeled the line as "The Mutton Mail," because it carries sheep and correspondence to Rangoon. Sure enough the sheep were "shooed" aboard in droves, and the odor stayed with us to Singapore. There were fully two hundred black goats, to be sacrificed to Kali, who dearly loves "black sheep." The British India is the most prosperous shipping corporation in the East. The ships are operated for profit, not for comfort. Like the ice-plant in our town, the corporation needs healthy competition. But if you are bound for Rangoon and the Shwé Dagon, pay up and haggle not.

The Hughli pilot leads a hard life, is full of strange stories, and he of the *Ellenga* knew all about Mark Twain, once pilot on the Mississippi. The pilot's pay is on a par with that of a country school teacher in Iowa, and he gets it for sending along a two-thousand-ton ship down the worst river in the world, with five or six hundred people aboard, at eight miles an hour, and then killing time in the estuary on a malodorous tug until he finds another ship in need of a pilot up-stream. The query rises, Could Clemens have become Mark Twain if born on the banks of the Hughli?

We left the pilot at Sandheads, and all India dropped out of sight. India and the story of how it was won is the romance of the English Government, and the tragedy of how nearly it was lost in the Mutiny blanches the lips of brave men yet. Its thousand years of religious feud between Mohammedan and Hindoo, the venomous jungle of its race-hatreds and fierce ancestral distinctions make its retention a daily conquest. There is the Sphinx of Egypt looming vast and placid above the Nile desert, and the Muscovy monster crushing with one paw the Finns and leering at Constantinople; but India is the Sphinx of the Plain. Yearly the work

of pushing, wheedling, and browbeating its natives into good living goes forward:

> "The cry of hosts ye humor,
> Ah! slowly toward the light;—
> Why brought ye us from bondage,
> Our loved Egyptian night?"

In "Take up the White Man's Burden," Kipling has caught the tidal mood of colonizing mankind now swelling in the tropics. There is much mawkish sentiment in London and Washington, but none of it discoverable in those viceroys, governors, commissioners, residents, colonels, captains, and subalterns on duty in India; nor do they worry the London offices with long disquisitions on the riotous, degenerate, murderous life to which they are slowly putting an end. They concern themselves little with contemporary opinion, and leave their final appeal by deeds to posterity. The "big brass generals" and the quiet, inglorious strong men, whom Kipling so nobly celebrates, are at their posts, as of old, tirelessly watching. The Mutiny put them "on guard" every hour. They are doing the eternal thing in a more or less eternal way, quite in contrast with our program in Mexico, where the best we can say to Americans is, "Pack up your

railroads, factories, coffee, sugar, and rubber plantations and come home." That seems like doing the contemporary thing in a contemporary way. It is idealism flying in panic and cringing obsequiously to Terror. And we are also supposed to be talking about coming home from the Philippines; the men who went to India may be trusted to stay there.

Somewhere out in the crushed-sapphire colored water on the second day, between *chota-hazra* and "breakfast" we crossed the ninety-second parallel, thus completing in terms of longitude half way round from the Iowa farms to the college once more. Half way in miles was beyond Singapore, see-sawing, as we did, up to Hong Kong, down to Manila, and back again. Thus we came upon the threshold of the Farthest East.

The *Ellenga* reached Rangoon Monday morning of Passion Week. There was a "bar" to cross, for which the precise time of tide had to be computed and a new pilot taken on. We raced by the rice-ships and sampans of all styles and ages, and inferior only in smells to those of Canton. The Rangoon, one of the mouths of the Irawaddy, is a low-banked, muddy, unimpressive stream, and the

trip up the Ocalawaha, in Florida, exceeds in diversion anything to be obtained by riding up or down the Irawaddy. The British India ships lie in port until Thursday, so there is ample time to go by rail to the capital,

> "On the road to Mandelay,
> Where the flying fishes play,
> And the sun comes up like thunder,
> Outer China 'crost the bay,"

and come down by the river boat. Disappointment increases as to the square of the number of the tourists who take the trip.

We set out under the direction of C. W. Severance to take a census of the Buddhas in Rangoon. The first temple yielded 168, and with cheerful confidence in our ability to reach one thousand, we next tackled the Shwé Dagon, upheaving itself in the sun, girt with a scaffolding of bamboo poles, so that the Burmese may acquire merit by regilding its wonderful dome, neither Moslem nor Hindoo in type. When our total in that temple had reached 1,500, with many nooks and chapels still to be enumerated, we quit. We rely for success upon patience and persistence, but for once they failed us. Including those awaiting purchase in the

art stores, we should estimate that at least four thousand images of Buddha are to be found in Rangoon. We have "flag day" and "carnation day," and the English have "primrose day," but "Buddha day" is all the year round in Burmah. The new railroad carries an increasing number of tourists up "the river of the lost footsteps," but the swarms it brings down to the temple of the great god of Idleness there on the hill, surrounded by the English cantonment, constitutes a "yellow peril." The "land-grabbing" English are over lords to gods many, but none are more unique and more economically paralyzing than the god with his fifteen hundred Buddhas of the Shwé Dagon. That high place, winking its interrogation to the eastern sun, is the best explanation of why the English came and will likely stay.

We attended the Passion Week services, spent delightful mornings in the gardens, shops, and temples; visited the school, the Baptist Publishing House, and were vaccinated afresh in the municipal clinic. We went to Aloon and saw the huge elephants haul the great teak logs from the river's edge, where they had been rafted at high tide, and watched them "salaam" for us at the pick of the

Mahout; the color, the women unveiled, the markets, the jail, the "Reclining Buddha," equal in impressiveness to the one at Kamakura, are sights worth a year of languid Southern Europe. But most of all the Severance house, in Lancaster Road; the school of the sisterhood, next to it; the Buddhist mendicants, as they make their rounds begging for rice; the bread-fruit hanging on the trees, brings staccato to my thoughts if it is repressed in expression. The Germans train all the young men for the army; in Burmah all the young men are educated for the priesthood. Plague and cholera persist the year round, and not merely the ignorance, but the indifference of the comfortable folks at home to all that distant day's work, impresses me with its injustice and stupidity. For example, the General Conference has authorized Foreign missionaries, Home missionaries, Epworth League missionaries, self-supporting missionaries, and Woman's Foreign missionaries. Let us hope that the devoted household in Lancaster Road and the women adjacent, with all similar mission compounds, hemmed in by plague, cholera, smallpox of the black, deadly type, needing the united sympathy and increased support of the Church at home, can

count on a refusal of the General Conference to a further division of responsibility in missionary administration.

Women with "bound feet" watched our landing from the lighter at Penang on Easter morning. It is the island of Paul and Virginia. Hundreds of 'rikisha men stood ready to whisk us away to church or to the falls and temples five miles away. We went to the FitzGerald Memorial Church; roomy interior, handsome exterior; convenient to the Anglo-Chinese school, and reached by roads running on the Parabola. The Easter sermon there was like having again the holy sacrament from the hands of that great bishop of the ecclesia. After lunch at the Anglo-Chinese school, Dr. Pykett, one of the surpassing Englishmen, who has thrown himself with such energy and success into our work in the Straits Settlements, drove us to Cornelia FitzGerald's grave. She sleeps in a spot surrounded by such wild beauty as no other country could show, and contiguous to the spacious gardens. On Easter Day in such environment—who that has the Easter hope could repress the upspringing fountains of thanksgiving? St. Paul said, "The time of my departure is at hand," meaning either the

launching or the sailing of the Immortal Personality. Whichever meaning may be imported into the phrase, the FitzGeralds were ready for decessus. "Our people die well." Let us more frequently make protest against the arrogance of science, which, as dogmatic as mediæval theology, has revived the tenet of the Sadducees, "Who say there is no resurrection." In recent years science has properly asserted its theories against dogmatic theology, but there has been over-assertion as well. The public now find that they have only exchanged one priesthood for another, and we are now asked to confirm that nothing which can not be weighed and measured shall be allowed to possess validity. Sir Oliver Lodge has just differentiated the soul from its material embodiment as "the constant and identical personality running through one's experiences," and ranging from the discussion of its existence here to its continuity hereafter, and to the question of its immortality. Quietly, moderately, and firmly he has made his profession of faith in the persistence of personality beyond bodily death, of which and the broad truths of religion he has been convinced by strict evidence. Doubtless his conclusions will be challenged, but

THE BURI PALM.

none will deny the force of his protests against the negations of science—pure dogmatism, though couched in the negative—or the validity of his appeal to the primal instincts and intimations of men in all ages and all lands.

We took the tram the next day to an ancient "temple." We followed for miles along the road, fringed with native houses and shadowed by everlasting cocoanut palms. The heat was heavy with the reek of vegetation and the smell of earth after heavy rains. Birds whistled, thunders muttered in the hills, and the breath came heavy and vaporous, like that in a Turkish bath. It was like the land of the "lotus eaters."

> "And in the afternoon they came unto a land
> In which it seemed always afternoon."

We climbed the long hill, fed the sacred fish, noted the guardian Gorgons, and penetrated to the recesses of the main pagoda. We saw a priest who conforms to the "Face" which Kipling describes; "the chin, jowl, lips, and neck were modeled faithfully on the lines of the Roman empresses—the lolloping, walloping women that Swinburne sings about, and that we sometimes see pictures of.

Above this gross perfection of form came the Mongoloid nose, narrow forehead, and flaring pigs'-eyes." His prototype was in Jerusalem on the day of the crucifixion, and he is a fit keeper "for a wilderness of clay dolls or a menagerie of jointed tigers."

Singapore is Penang over again, and besides has many things to delight the eye. Its hostelries are famous, as such world-end locations are certain to become. But for us the Book Store and the Anglo-Chinese school are worth all the time and study a globe-trotter can give to them. Oldham Hall, named for the Rupert of the Missionary Secretariat, showed us the one challenge to democracy with its correlate equality which we found anywhere in the missionary world. They provide a first and second-class "mess" for the boys who reside there. It is made necessary by the crowds that threaten utterly to swamp our present inadequate facilities. There are 1,400 boys and men, segregated—esteeming Christianity to be the English language, physics, chemistry, biology, that is, Western science and democracy. Roberts College is the guarantor of Balkan freedom; those Anglo-Chinese schools of Penang and Singapore are the

pledge and prophecy of a Chinese Republic. Six days we roamed about the quaint city, visited, as everywhere, the American Consulate, talked politics, and found in that gateway of the world men of consequence, who sit in social, financial, and governmental high places, talking with approval and intelligence of teaching, medical, and industrial missions. Had England given one-tenth the help to China that she has given to India, she would at this hour be the mistress of all lands and impregnable in the affections of a race yet to dominate the Orient.

The *Nile*, a large intermediate ship of the Peninsular & Oriental Line, deeply loaded and well appointed, eighth of our circumnavigating fleet, bore us to Hong Kong. The Sunday on board was as quiet and orderly as any ever kept in a New England village. One man, the commander, reverent, thoughtful, so impressed the passengers that those who might otherwise have been tempted to thoughtlessness and irreverence deported themselves like they would on a holy day at home. The "service" read by the commander lasted just twenty minutes. The hymns, in which every one joined; the prayers, and the Scriptures, all regularly ap-

pointed for the day, were helpful, and the collection for the Seaman's Orphanage was generous indeed. The English ships do the Sunday service quite to our satisfaction.

The *Nile* steamed into Hong Kong through a multiplicity of islets and deeply indented shores, sometimes running down to the sea in little sandy coves, and at other times falling sheer in a cliff hanging above sea-worn caves, where the boom of the surf could be heard. The harbor is a world in itself; big liners at anchor, battleships, lines of junks, wallowing coal hulks, and thousands of sampans between miles of docks. We saw with rapturous eyes a gunboat and a transport flying the American flag, and had our sympathy excited by a Chinese river steamer that had been looted by pirates and was flying a flag of distress. The "Peak," reached by an inclined tram, hangs frowningly above, dotted with green, and there is nothing so easily accessible in this wide world that is so wild and wonderful as the outlook from its top with its fifty miles of sky, and the fortress with its twelve-inch guns—and, they say, without men to fight them. But that is probably some English civilian trembling. Hong Kong is a

starting-point for Macao and Canton, and in all it detained us a week. Macao makes one think of Hell's Half Acre up in Yellowstone Park, save that the seething caldron is made up of gamblers and prostitutes. The ninety miles to Canton is one continual overhauling and passing of screw steamers, pig boats, junks, and ducking sampans. Literally hundreds of houseboats, many of them sculled by women, with babies lashed to their backs, crowded about our steamer to take off some passenger or some package of freight. The mere mob, fighting for their places about the ship, was terrifying. But the city itself, through which tourists are borne in sedan-chairs by streets so narrow that one can often touch both sides, is indescribable. The waves of yellow faces; the tier on tier of signs, red, yellow, black, and white; the pigs squealing as they were slaughtered; the brazen dragons, the stench, the feathered jewelry shops, and the inlaid workers, baffled description. Only once, and that on Chicago Day, in 1893, at the World's Fair, were we caught in such a crowd.

The Temple of the Five Hundred Genii, where some Jesuit fathers and Marco Polo appear in the gallery; the ancestral temple, the water clock, the

potter's field, where the executions take place; the Prison of Horrors, where in a Chinese Eden musée men are hacked, sliced, fried, and grilled; the city walls, where on the grass-grown top you may see rusty English guns spiked and abandoned; the myriads of dead in the cemetery, and a five-story pagoda are all in the itinerary, which goes on hour after hour until you are tired and disgusted, and remember the lines of the old Watts hymn,

"Wallow until your lives be through;
Satan's god children takes your due."

There is one thing to be thankful for, and that is that there are neither dogs nor horses to be seen. Well it is for Psi, the Scotch collie which lives at our house, and for the handsome roadster that our district superintendent drives, that both were bred in Iowa. Doré ought to have seen Canton before he illustrated the "Inferno."

The Presbyterian mission at Shek-Lung is a little paradise on the edge of Canton; all the missions are oases in that desert of life. Yet any Chinese mission makes one think of a small rowboat out on the Atlantic within hailing distance of the *Titanic* five minutes after she went down. At Hong Kong we

consorted with the Germans. We lodged at the Berlin Foundlings' Home, Lutheran, whose habitants persist in the simple homely virtues which so commend their doctrines and their nationality. It was so restful after being carried in chairs, hurried along in 'rikishas, and chasing about in trams, to sit at the table after dinner and listen while the pastor read the evening lesson, and then with hymn and prayer to "Put out each feverish light" of those garish days.

The *Zafiro*, a trim little two-thousand-ton ship, with no more roll nor toss than a North River ferry boat, carried us safely to Manila. We passed Corregidor just at dawn and had a wide, long look at the bay, which already bulks so large in American history, while the east was empurpling with the new day. Our daughter and other friends met us at the pier with only such welcome as they can give. Little could any of us have dreamed when we first heard the news of Dewey's exploit that in less than fifteen years we should be greeting each other in sight of Cavite and admiring together the corn growing in the field of *insurrecto* Aguinaldo.

Chapter IX

THE GREAT AMERICAN ADVENTURE

THE bombardment of Alexandria by the English, the taking over of Tunis by the French, the present German emperor's activity in acquiring African territory, the annexation of Tripoli by Italy, and the American purchase and occupation of the Philippines belong to the catalogue of recent events involving the colonizing nations, all located in the temperate zone, in the government of tropical countries. The colonial activity of England and France antedates by a century these present-day enterprises, but with the English occupation of Egypt the modern movement in colonization, essentially scientific in method and economic in purpose, begins.

We have already alluded to the fact that Gladstone had his hand forced in the Egyptian matter. In a similar way the nation forced McKinley's hand and thrust this insular administration upon him. It is easy to prophesy after an event, and

grow wise about what should have been done. "Dewey should have sailed away!" But no one thought of that, or would have consented to it on May 2, 1898. "McKinley should not have paid $20,000,000 for them, according to the Treaty of Paris!" But it was McKinley, not our interlocutor, whom the people had elected to approve the negotiations. "Treat them as we did Cuba!" "Get a guarantee of their independence from the Great Powers;" "Give them to Japan," and so on, including every plan except the one we are now actually following. McKinley, like Gladstone, recognized the National impulse. He understood the Nation,

> "whose dull voice is thunder
> And was the key beneath its finger pressed."

Other Presidents have felt this imperative of public opinion. "The soul is where it acts," says Lotze; and Thomas Jefferson, contrary to all his own political maxims, annexing Louisiana, was the soul of a larger country than any of which the beardless colonels and young sages who won the Revolution ever dreamed. Grover Cleveland lacked imagination and missed his way when he hauled down the flag in Hawaii. The instinct of the

people judged it better than Mr. Cleveland, with all his sterling integrity.

The Panama Canal zone is another case in point. President Roosevelt understood the Nation, and the Nation felt in him a response to its own commanding purpose. The Hindoo syllogism is academic: that of Occidental life is efficient. Some American Hindoos do not seem to know that Mr. Roosevelt would have been anathema in the public mind had he not gone forward: that the claims of Colombia for reimbursement have less validity than those of Queen Liliuokalani, for she wrote "Aloha Oe," and that the Nation of America aided and approved the purchase of the canal strip, and will praise the ex-President for it "world without end."

The cuckoo is an anomaly in the bird-world. By some strange instinct it foregoes the labor of other birds in nesting and feeding, lays its eggs in alien nests, and entrusts the hatching of the foundling eggs and the rearing of the young to the owners of the nests it has taken. No one has come forward to explain how such an instinct is developed, nor do we know why other birds nest the eggs, and welcome and feed the intruders. Now, are we prepared to say that England, France, Germany,

Italy, and the United States are cuckoos? and that Algiers, Egypt, China, India, and the Philippines are alien nests, which these nations have appropriated?

The program of the Philippine commissioners is anything but cuckoo-like. They began by cleaning up the Islands. Like the Panama Canal strip, the Islands had to be disinfected, vaccinated, and rendered immune against cholera and bubonic plague. Herein the United States has attempted more, and improved upon all that England or France has done. In 1902 there were 4,662 cases of cholera in Manila alone, with 3,560 deaths. The provinces had that same year 120,996 cases; 77,972 deaths resulting therefrom. In 1911 Manila had one case of cholera, with death resulting, and 226 cases in the provinces, with 182 deaths. The cuckoo, if it is a cuckoo, brings some strange security to the Philippine Islands' nest. Bubonic plague plays a continuous performance in all the great cities of the Orient. Human nature being as it is, and with such neighbors, Manila can not hope to entirely escape, but the quarantine, health inspection, and rigid sanitary regulations are so efficient that only sporadic cases of the plague now

occur. Hong Kong furnishes more plague in a month than Manila in a year.

The economic development of the Islands is greatly dependent upon the increase of caribou and the introduction of cattle and animal labor. The *rinderpest* is as desolating to cattle as cholera and plague to the natives, and the fight the Government makes against *rinderpest* is second only to that which it makes to save human life. It is common to meet some captain or lieutenant with a detail of constabulary coming or going to a *rinderpest*-infected district, where, by the latest and most approved veterinary treatment, they save a few animals, isolate the scourge, and at times altogether stamp it out.

Since 1907 the railroad mileage has increased from 122 to 455. The civilizing force of a railroad is less appreciated, perhaps, in the United States than almost anywhere else. Our struggle for the control of passenger rates and freight tariffs, and against railroad, legislative, and judicial influence has obscured the dependence which economic and social progress must place on transportation. One dollar spent on a railroad is worth a hundred invested in army equipment, and the 333

additional miles or railway are worth a hundred thousand rifles and millions spent on military operations. Then add the public buildings, artesian wells, irrigation projects, and macadam roads that to the amount of 8,533,214 pesos have been built out of the public revenues last year; then figure as much spent for the same purpose the year before, and estimate that as much will be so expended the coming year, and the next; add the increased production of sugar, rice, hemp, and tobacco; the introduction of corn-growing, the diversifying of the crops, scientific coinage, a just levy of taxes and their honest expenditure, and a dozen other specifications which help toward economic independence, before you cry "Cuckoo."

The educational program is unique in that it purposes to reform the archaic and almost barbaric amusements of the whole people. Loungers about the railway depots carry game cocks under their arms, which suggest cock-fighting as the national game of the Tagalogs. Baseball has taken its place, and everybody, from the governor-general down, except a few nonconforming clergymen, play ball. They encourage labor and thrift by trade schools run as commercial shops; they have

opened up all the known vocational opportunities to the new generation. They have searched out native materials and made them available for industrial use, so that bamboo, Buri palm, Nipa and Abaca or Manila hemp are many times more commercially important than before the public schools taught their manufacturing possibilities. The Coast Guard service provides a great nautical school, and the constabulary gives opportunity for a military education, which opens rapid preferment to those who are diligent and efficient. In a word, the Philippine schools provide a gainful occupation and an English education to every boy, and nurse's training, basketry, hat-making, cloth-weaving, domestic science, designing, and embroidery for every girl.

The youth of the Government and the ardor of the American occupation is sure to impress the visitor. The vice-governor-general, also secretary of education, the director of education, his first and second assistants, are all men from the universities of the Central West, young, exhuberantly hopeful, with faces full of energy and free from cynicism. It is men of their type who maintain civil order, control the diseases of the climate, and attempt

"by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and through soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good,"

and in the sixteen years since the Battle of Manila Bay have put the Islanders far on their way to self-respect, self-support, and self-control.

It should not appeal to the public to say that all this is done without expense to the American taxpayer, but such is the case. Except for the regiments that are quartered in the Philippines, and the warships on station or in dry dock there, no expense attaches to the occupation. The Government might better quarter its troops at the Manila Camp McKinley, or at the Baguio Camp John Hay, than at many of the 152 army posts where it now scatters them. The same is true of the navy. Without expense to ourselves, by special tariffs, we *have* aided the Islanders, but except for the initial cost and the expense of suppressing the Aguinaldo insurrection, of actual outlay nothing. It is a reproach to the American Churches that great schools like the Anglo-Chinese school at Penang and the one of similar name at Singapore should be compelled to support themselves; so it seems to dampen enthusiasm to learn that in all

this the American taxpayer has no part. But the American Nation has furnished political and social stability and a group of men with great administrative capacity, who have fertilized by their patience, accuracy, and enthusiasm thousands of Tagalogs, who in the passing of the years will keep up to the standards of capacity and integrity they have set.

The upper-class Tagalog, usually, or often at least, a mestizo, does not understand the American. He has been reared in a practice of government where the official classes exploit the rank and file. Since Legazpi occupied Manila, in 1571, the representatives of the old Spanish families have grown rich in office. That is what office means to them—a chance to enrich themselves at public expense. It is in the blood, and has been as long as they have been developing their facial angle. Aguinaldo failing in insurrection, grew rich in land and pesos by the failure. No one reproaches him for it; it was expected; anything else would have been incomprehensible. That members of the Philippine commission should govern without graft and treat public office as a public trust excites their infidelity. Nor can they explain why a great, wise, and be-

neficent Government does not punish their frequent lapses from loyalty; they think it some weakness in the government. Our long forbearance while they steal rifles, shoot down soldiers, and run amuck under their law of "jura mentado," they count inability on our part to make reprisals. They misunderstand the reasons for granting a Philippine Assembly even now, and they misunderstood the long sufferance of the American Congress and the American people, while peonage and slavery went on for lack of penal clauses giving validity to the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution. They think that American citizens believe that their honor would suffer if penal clauses were enacted for punishing such criminals. The new Administration deserves credit for the promptness with which the Assembly enacted the new laws upon the arrival of the new governor-general. But the simple-hearted Igorrote and Ifagao seem to appreciate our sincerity, and perhaps just as the birds whose nests are stolen tolerate the cuckoo-eggs, so in some blind way these dependent heathen better estimate our motives than the caciques of mixed blood, and the hereditary disposition to graft and official exploitation.

There are now three distinct forces in the Philippines making for civilization; first is the Government, which is doing the work of the teaching missionary, the medical missionary, with the powers of the policeman added. Second or third, for the order is not determinative, should be mentioned the Catholic archbishop, Dr. Harty, formerly of St. Louis. Six or eight American priests followed him to the field. The archbishop looks like the typical American with Irish forbears; face and bearing mark him as well fitted to be the religious leader of 7,000,000 Filipinos, nominally Christian, at least. In his person and character he has done much to recover influence and sympathy for the Roman Church. Granted that he is of the Farley-Falconio group of churchmen, is surrounded by Spanish clerics, who utter the most absurd opinions and prefer ungrantable requests in the name of a papal delegate, he yet seems the diplomatic equal of Archbishop Ireland, and on the spiritual level of the present Pope Pius X. The Protestant missionaries in the Islands are, to compare them to army chaplains, few in number, much ordered about by colonels and generals, and yet by virtue of character and conduct of great consequence to

armies and nations. The Government's part is to educate and maintain health and order. The archbishop's part is to conform the Roman Catholic Church to the fact of a modern American Government, and with the help of American priests reform the native priesthood from the mediæval Spanish to the English-Irish-American standard. The Protestant part is to set a standard of temperance, purity, Sabbath-observance; to build dormitories for men and women in connection with all the normal and provincial high schools, and thus exemplify the decent, self-respecting life which is the one basis for American citizenship. They may as they will serve as chaplains extraordinary to army, navy, civil service employees, and historic Church, warning, encouraging, and bringing to the broad glare of publicity lapses from the integrity and broad-mindedness which America expects of all its individuals and institutions, besides uttering that evangelistic message which men of good will have sounded from the beginning.

Congress can confer anarchy; independence is beyond its power at the present writing. By some premature action, just as the establishing of the Philippine Assembly with its present powers was

premature, Congress may aid to establish two self-styled "republics," one terrorized by the Moros and Visayans, the other certifying to the exploitation of diverse peoples to the number of 8,000,000 by a few hundred Tagalogs, to whom, because they understand either English or Spanish, the Government perforce must be committed. "One free people can not govern another," said James Anthony Froude; but that is not saying that they may not co-operate with each other, that they may not federate their forces for protection, for mutual advantage, and for conservation and economy of resources. The United States are free and self-governing, if they are not independent.

Independence is a state of civilization to be acquired and realized, not conferred; in the language of events, if not in formal words, democracy has enumerated the conditions on which modern independencies may occur; they are: self-support, after some simple, hard-working, self-sacrificing standard which we are all quick to recognize; self-control, so that the verdict of a majority serves as a warrant for orderly procedure and a warning against revolution; self-respect, so that sensitiveness does not too much depreciate resourcefulness

in the presence of difficulties, and weaken the courage with which we meet them; intelligence and a deepening consciousnes of what good and evil, duty and pleasure are. No sentimental associations can waive any one of these terms, nor can self-interest bribe our partiality to set them aside. Because we have a July 4, 1776, is not *per se* proof that the Philippine Islanders are ready for self-government. When a large body of middle and lower class citizens, increasing in number and influence with each passing year, knowing what it means, yearn for independence; when another large body of Filipinos year after year put on record and reiterate their consuming desire to be received into the American Union as a Territory, we shall have evidences that may make action advisable. Until that time the words defining our National policy may remain in abeyance.

Chapter X

EDUCATION IN THE PHILIPPINES

"KITCHENER'S SCHOOL" is one of the flashlight phrases to the credit of Kipling. It illustrates his incisive way of getting at the heart of things, and his picturesque power of presenting contemporaneous events with artistic effect and in decisive fashion. The dedication of Gordon College at Khartoum gave him opportunity to compress into a few lines the duty of colonizing peoples, and his use of the incident has not only imbedded the fact of the college into the history of our own times, but also indicated education as the sure process from brute force to spiritual enlargement. The best traditions of the race relate to the instruction of the young, and the nations that put greatest capital into teaching live best and longest. Kitchener's School celebrates the English race as the great "teaching nation," and their genius in this particular is eccentric to the verge of madness.

"Knowing that ye are forfeit by battle, and have no right to live,
He begs for money to bring you learning—and all the English give.
It is their treasure—it is their pleasure—thus are their hearts inclined;
For Allah created the English mad—the maddest of all mankind!

"They do not consider the Meaning of Things; they consult not creed nor clan.
Behold, they clap the slave on the back, and, behold, he ariseth a man!
They terribly carpet the earth with dead, and before their cannon cool,
They walk unarmed by twos and threes to call the living to school."

But the school, according to the poem, is an explanation of the men. This Mohammedan schoolmaster, who had served with the Bengal Infantry at Suakim, the supposed author of the poem, gropes to the social meaning of the school and the attitude of the school teacher. It is the English who

"Have set a guard on the granaries, securing the weak from the strong,
And said, 'Go, work the water-wheels that were abolished so long.'"

We know the function of the school: first, to select and train leaders; and second, to raise the

mass of the people to the plane of intelligent participation in all essential social activities. But more than this education modifies a nation in an entirely original and pecular way. The problem of Darwin is, "How does environment affect men?" but education conforms environment to ideas and ideals that in result preserve and perpetuate the men who have modified their surroundings. We all recollect Darwin's statement about the influence of cats on the growth of clover in their neighborhood; have read the effect of the European rabbits in New Zealand, and have discussed pro and con the English sparrow, as to whether he benefits by eating canker worms more than he damages by driving away native birds. So the importation of a virile race of men to Egypt, to India, or the Philippines, men used to plethora of bread, and knowing how to raise it, brings about a rearrangement of social relations. These men act as a ferment, exemplify new standards, initiate new methods, set new precedents, and fertilize by their vigor and efficiency the agriculture, trade, and industry of the new land.

Kitchener, with his orders to punish the murderers of General Gordon, parallels Admiral Dewey

with his instructions "to find and destroy the Spanish fleet." There are many ready to sneer at England as bent on merely extending trade, and who denounce the Soudan expedition as jingoism. Kipling is nothing, say some, but a "jingo" and a sort of unofficial member of Parliament representing "imperialism" as his constituency. England probably deserves criticism, but it should be for not doing in Armenia what she did in the Soudan. It is easy to cry "imperialism," as if that settled anything. Its social value or political force is about equal to the Oriental method of replying to whatever difficult question is proposed by the unimpeachable truism, "Allah is great." Not to fall back on the gods when a proximate principle can be found is one of the superiorities of Christianity to pagan faiths. It is proof of an efficient as distinguished from an inefficient intellect, and is guarantee that England will continue to govern

> "Those new-caught sullen peoples,
> Half devil and half child,"

over whom she has gradually assumed control. A certain amount of self-assertion is indispensable to national as well as individual existence, and any-

thing that will rouse the sleeping nerve-centers of national self-respect, such as the occupation of Algiers by the French or the conquest of Tripoli by the Italians, is well worth while. It is none the less good work if trade is increased by it. Law and order, increased tillage of land, and better ideas of equity and justice have likewise resulted. Kitchener's School is notice that civilization sends out to the world that independent nations must educate their children.

America interfered in Cuba with something like Christian motives, and the occupation of the Philippines was a reluctant second move, made necessary by the first step. The nation would not be content to administer the Islands with any other intent than to benefit the Islanders. Wages have doubled since the American occupation, and only the fact that they are an American dependency protects them now. Left to themselves, the Philippines would be overwhelmed by the migrating Chinese just as the Straits Settlements, Java, and Indo-China have been overwhelmed. The Japanese by trade discriminations or otherwise would certainly add them to the Mikado's realms, even if by any stretch of the imagination they could be thought

able to protect themselves against the Chinese. Democracy has seemed to fail in Latin America, either from political tradition inherited from Spain, or from lack of universal education. The Filipinos have the same political training as Latin America; if by education he can become possessed of the self-governing capacity hitherto shown only by the white race, the altruism of America will be demonstrated beyond question.

One does not need to go to the Philippines to learn the relationship of education to industry, and the recent tremendous expansion of industrial training. But an ordinary traveler could not spend a month in the islands without feeling that they have there an able group of young and enthusiastic teachers who have mapped out a unique educational program and are carrying it forward by methods of instruction, entertainingly original and free from all suspicion of educational tradition. The program of Dr. Kerschensteiner, of Munich, whose objective is a pupil in training to take his place as a useful citizen in the largest capacity, finds its counterpart in the educational system of the Philippines.

We should expect to find graded school, high

school, normal and trade school. In the trade schools we should expect carpentry, cabinet-making, basketry, straw-braiding, and hat-making, sandal and slipper manufacture, weaving, embroidery, and domestic science. But to search out the native materials available for industrial use, to establish new industries, to multiply tenfold the productive power of human labor, in tea, rice and sugar plantations, to reform the amusements of a whole people, to make trade and agricultural schools financially self-supporting, and to direct young men to every vocational path, from marine officer to supreme court judge, and meanwhile to keep zest in the practice of striving toward an educational end, is to justify the word of an American scholar to Ex-President Taft, that our Government was "doing the most interesting and most promising piece of original work in education now in progress anywhere in the world." It might be added that all this has been accomplished at one-tenth the cost for similar work per capita in America.

One scarce knows where to begin in an exposition of the unique aim and quality of American education in the islands. Let us have the first paragraph

on corn. Corn is king in the United States, and will be in the Philippines. Once in Germany we attended a fair, or perhaps we would better call it a social function, held for the popularizing of corn-food products. In a way, agricultural education in the Philippines has had as one of its direct aims the growing of corn. Out there a young and aggressive group of teachers from the American corn-belt has preserved the memory of the tasseled brigade of the royal corn, and set the islanders into an acute palpitation to raise the best field of corn. A kodak picture recently produced in the *Christian Advocate* showed the famous Aguinaldo, leader of the insurrection and, next to Rizal, hero of the Tagalogs, standing with the first assistant director of education in a prize acre of corn planted and cultivated by Aguinaldo, Jr. One needs to go to the Philippines to understand what that picture means: a rich man's son actually at manual labor; a Filipino, not loving labor, winning a prize thereby; and thus exciting the emulation of a million like labor-unloving Filipinos, who could be taught in no other way that work is honorable and indolence one of the seven deadly sins. All the diplomacies of modern courts, cabinets, and cabals

do not equal the subtle *finesse* in putting the Filipino boy to work. It is Tom Sawyer up to date, not with whitewash and brush, and fence to be covered, but his American counterpart under the blazing tropic glare, with plow and hoe, and corn to be grown. They have the young women in the corn business, too. They hold multiplied corn demonstrations, where the young women, students of the domestic science departments of the provincial schools, under the direction of domestic science teachers, prepare and serve dishes of corn-foods to vast crowds that hour after hour surround the booths. Would all Mount Pleasant go to a mango fair? They would if they had but once tasted a ripe, juicy, delicious mango. Would all Dumequete go to a corn-product festival? Six thousand of them did. There were six different dishes of corn prepared and sold, and probably four thousand ate of one or more of these prepared dishes. What a sideshow the corn-germinating box was, and how the thousands looked at the selected seed-ears! American plows and corn-shellers and cornmills were all on exhibition, and a swarm of boys, some of them dressed as fat, husky clowns,

wore placards, "I eat corn;" others, dressed as lean clowns, wore other placards, "I eat rice," while all took part in the band that furnished music and amusement for the crowd. Rice is the Oriental food; unnumbered millions rejoice and feast when it is plenty, and mourn and starve when it is scarce. But corn and corn pone, and corn cakes, like science and the English language, and the Christian faith, belong to Occidental civilization. It is suggestive of fat swine, thick beefsteaks, butter and cheese, and the introduction of corn to the Philippine Islands is naturalization, revolution, and revelation.

The same subtlety is marked in the athletics introduced and fostered by the bureau of education. The problem of abolishing the American saloon, so that it will stay abolished, is to find something better and substitute it for the saloon. So these Tagalogs have amusements practiced for three hundred years in the islands, and by their forbears, both Spanish and Malay, for century on century before Philip II ruled. The two most typical were cock and bull fighting. It is needless to expatiate upon the utter cruelty of both, nor mention the gambling and general lawlessness consequent upon them.

Now comes the former secretary of education, one-time major in the Spanish-American War, member of Congress, Federal judge in the islands, member of the Philippine Commission before he was forty years old. He nominates for director of education and first and second assistant directors of education three big, young Americans, fresh from big, wholesome, American universities. The problem up to this quartet is how to abolish cock and bull fights. In fifteen seconds they all leap to the same induction, "Let us introduce baseball." Forthwith it is done. The vacant lots are occupied, attendance at the chicken and bull fights falls off; the sporting goods firms are requisitioned from America; sweaters and "letters" appear on runners, hurdlers, and players; the physical directors of the Young Men's Christian Association are drafted as coaches; every teacher of the male persuasion gets into the game. Everybody played ball, or coached or rooted at the games. The clergy were not immune, and, barring the nonconformist missionaries, all the clergy in the islands could probably be convicted of playing baseball on Sunday. Basket ball, volley ball, relay ball, and track athletics followed

in the procession until a nation of gamblers and cock-fighters forgot the stupid and cruel sports of even ten years ago and have become naturalized Americans at least in their devotion to the American game. They run like the wind, leap like lightning, and can peg a ball as far as their American compatriots, on the average nine inches higher in stature. In Tokyo we saw the all-Filipino team play Meiji, the imperial university nine; and to behold eight thousand Japanese rooting, waving pennants, and chaffing the umpire made us think that Luzon, Japan, and the United States had long since formed the triple baseball alliance. The Olympic games for Eastern Asia, where Filipino, Jap, and Chinese competed, the crowds that attended and the new standards of manhood that in those games had rapid growth speak volumes for the educational experiment which has succeeded beyond all expectation in the Philippines.

The nautical school, tea cultivation, the making of Bally-wag hats, the adoption of the Rigadone, the stately old dance of the Filipinos, the way a clump of abaca plants have been taught to disappear and presto to reappear as a car-load of ropes,

hats, slippers, baskets and cloth, and the ingenuity developed in the use of the buri palm, would each make paragraphs as adventurous and fascinating as any tale Jack London ever wrote of these Southern seas.

Chapter XI

CONTENT AND PER CONTRA

THE content of American education in the Philippines is not quite so easy to delimit as its extent, yet it offers several specifications generally applicable.

Under the Spanish rule only a very few, the children of the great families and those in training for the priesthood, were educated; and even these, judged by the present-day American standards, scarcely deserve the term. It can not be claimed that the Jesuit colleges fostered a genuine desire for learning. Their students seldom pursued learning for its own sake, but rather to qualify for government service or the clerical profession. The old education for the ruling classes consisted for the most part of theology and literature through the medium of the Spanish language, with a smattering of law, art, and music added. The educational value of the mediæval philosophy and theology

commonly in vogue is open to question. The Latin taught was that of the Church "fathers," and the horizon was limited to the ecclesiastical propaganda. The young men thus trained could not know the tremendous economic waste involved in the fact that almost one-fourth the property in Spain was in the possession of the Church; that in the year 1550, twenty-one years before Legazpi founded Manila, there were in Spain 58 archbishops, 684 bishops, 11,400 monasteries, 312,000 secular priests, 400,000 ecclesiastics, and nuns in like proportion. They held enormous amounts of property, and even the primate of the Spanish Church advised Philip II to found no more monasteries. The graduates of the Jesuit colleges never learned the consequences of clerical idleness, the exploitation of labor, which of necessity follows the withdrawal of such a large proportion of the wealth from taxation, and remained in ignorance of the economic conditions of the Filipino people, knowing neither the history of the mother country, nor the processes of the government under which they lived.

There is another objection to the purely literary training which any language furnishes, namely,

the inaccuracy into which literature often falls. For example, take Macaulay and his judgment against Frederick the Great in the matter of Selesia. The Heritage-Brotherhood made between Joachim II, Marquis of Brandenburg, and Frederick II, Duke of Liegnitz (*Erbverbrüderung*), was a very common form of pact among German princes well disposed toward each other. The right of each to dispose of their lands in any manner of way had been saved entirely by each and carefully acknowledged. The privilege had been confirmed again and again. Emperor Ferdinand determined to prohibit it, and the Duke of Liegnitz, under the stress of kingly pressure, was compelled to submit, but went so far as to append a codicil to his will, saying that he considered the Heritage-Brotherhood as valid and binding upon him and his duchy, though it had been overruled by the vassals of Bohemia. The king and emperor attempted in like manner to coerce the Brandenburgers into surrender of their deed, but Joachim II and all of his successors steadily refused to give up that bit of written parchment. When the agreement became actionable, on the accession of Frederick the Great, all of these conclusive proofs were

easily available, and the English world should have understood it and sympathized accordingly. Now, Lord Macaulay was eloquent and literary, and much in vogue. He was not scientific, nor accurate, and has succeeded in prejudicing thousands of people who should have been well affected toward the great German king, but for his inaccurate statement of the merits of the case. In the same way thousands of fair-minded English people are still filled with indignation when they read of the atrocious acts of Clive and Hastings, as related by Macaulay, recounted as occurring in the conquest of India. No suspicion reaches their minds of the truth that these horrors never occurred, and yet they continue to furnish an unfailing source of invective and obloquy. His brilliant essays based upon Mill's inaccurate history, and Burke's speeches, drama rather than fact, are utterly unreliable. Men of his own generation investigated the original sources, and eye-witnesses disproved and discredited everything but the imaginative work of Macaulay. Both are illustrations of the astounding inaccuracies into which men of merely literary training may fall. The results of present-day magazines and editorial writing, saturated as they are with poli-

tics, and by inference teaching that governments are usually offensive and miserably unwise, are mischievous in the extreme. The newspapers continue to fill the Filipino discussions with invectives, and the "politicos" who are ambitious for place, wealth, and power, with their imitative faculty, assume that for the United States to delay granting independence for a generation is proof positive that the President and Congress constitute a tyranny similar to that of George III, Lord North, and his Parliament. To quote Sir John Strachey, on a similar issue, "this sort of education is dangerous fare for Asiatic brains." Already the daily papers are reporting that if independence is delayed a revolutionary outbreak is to be expected. Respect for authority is always hampered by the speeches and writings of foolish and selfish political agitators. The strict and sober tests of truth, which modern science and economics alone can supply, have heretofore been utterly wanting in the education of the Filipinos. This corrective is the foremost discernible content of American education in the islands. It is scientific and economic, and the situation in the islands echoes what Sir Henry Maine once said of the English education in India:

"The native literature is supremely and deliberately careless of all precision in magnitude, number, and time. . . . It stands in need beyond everything of stricter criteria of truth. It requires a treatment to harden and brace it, and scientific teaching is exactly the tonic its infirmities call for."

The American education in the Philippines is admirable likewise in the emphasis it puts upon manual labor. Huxley has a dictum that the difference between the apes in England and the apes in Africa is that the former have a thumb opposable to four fingers. The hand that is thus formed, the bodily variations uniformly associated, the sense of touch and balance that have developed with it, make it one of the dependent variables that becomes a factor in the differential that marks the human. The hand is the one tool that man did not make for himself, and its willing use is sure guide-post to civilization. As a rule all tropical peoples dislike physical exertion. Just as in America thousands prefer clerical work, or some indoor employment, so the Filipinos want occupations that will allow them to wear clean duck clothing and work with gloves on their hands. That is the limit of respectable toil. An expert in agriculture must be

willing, in case of necessity, to work with his hands; a good engineer must be master of mechanical arts and ready to use his hands. Often this is prohibitive to the natives, who have been trained by the example of the Spaniards and Mestizos to rely on literary culture and to regard manual labor as demeaning. Handwork by the leaders is paramount to the industrial development planned by the civic leaders. It will take regiments of engineers, agriculturists, skilled mechanics, and draughtsmen to reform the economic conditions of the islands. Their efficiency must be based upon scientific knowledge, technical training, and manual skill. The young women show a noticeable backwardness to take the domestic science courses, and the young men a reluctance to train for engineers and similar occupations. Young men in the United States, for the most part, are practical and eager to get on. Temperamentally they are unfitted for the slow, plodding ways and years that are essential to making genuine scholars; they take the short cut to success by tools and mechanisms. The educational problem at home is to make them see that a mere handling of tools can not make the mechanical engineer who conceives great manufacturing enter-

prises, stupendous public works, and carries them forward to completion. He needs to look for the mentality and sentiment with which to equip his imagination and enlarge the horizon of his conceptions. But in the Philippines the problem is to get a whole generation to learn that breadth of perception and the higher viewpoint is dependent for final efficiency on practical adaptation: on ability to illustrate the control of materials by the use of tools as books. It is part ignorance, but also part indolence. The Philippine education proceeds on the assumption that product of the brain multiplied by the hand, not the square of the brain or the hand, approximates the highest human capacity. This underlies the whole educational system. Primary, grade, and high school instruction are planned to undermine the prejudice against work and to excite all to prepare for some gainful occupation by the rewards of labor and the avenues to leadership which the system affords to those with manual training.

The moral content is not so certainly praiseworthy. There is no use in discussing whether the government could do otherwise than hold itself rigidly aloof from all concern with religious edu-

cation; but it is not too much to say that the educational advances have been on the intellectual rather than on the moral side. The Filipino past has not been favorable to the cultivation of civic or ecclesiastic virtue, and we can not but feel that it would have been politically wise to show interest and sympathy with the habits of thought and customs that are inseparably associated with the Puritan forbears.

The American occupation has not taken the American Sabbath to the Philippines. That tall, white angel, the Holy Day of Protestantism, has been overwhelmed by the continental holiday of France, Italy, and Spain. Education, daily papers, athletics, amusements, roadways, and means of conveyance have all been made to conform to American ideas. Even the beautiful, stately "rigadone," the pure, popular, and approvable dance of the Philippines, is going into desuetude, displaced by the waltz, two-step, and turkey trot. But civil government officials, army officers, American tourists, and the Protestant Episcopal clergy have conformed to usage, not helped to transform, according to ideal, and a nation without the Sabbath is forthcoming.

The reasons are not far to seek. The Sabbath with the Roman church has been a day of worship in its few early hours, and a holiday for the late forenoon, afternoon, and evening. By reason of the climate, the Catholic church services are held as early as 5 and 6 o'clock. In the Jesuit Church in Manila a later service is held, but among the native populations all over the islands the religious services are ended by 8 o'clock in the forenoon. That is before the average American has breakfasted and read his morning paper. In the army at times the pressure of events makes anything but a holiday impossible. Usually there is no chaplain, and where there is an English service, unless some major or colonel sets a rigid example and himself attends it, the meeting goes by default so far as the rank and file are concerned. The heads of the insular government, from Ex-President Taft down, have not been given to Sabbath keeping in the evangelical sense, and the Bureau of education, to controvert the cock-fighting habits of the people, have been encouraging baseball, volley ball, and basket ball games on Sunday afternoon. The great Manila Eight-Day Carnival starts in on Saturday, so as to run over two Sundays. Under the circumstances,

perhaps, we ought to be satisfied that baseball games are usually scheduled for Sunday afternoon.

Major-General Bell forbade the regimental teams from playing polo on Sunday, and the Greek auditorium, which he caused to be built at Camp John Hay, gives opportunity for great religious gatherings while the capital is at Baguio.

The English in Egypt, Straits Settlements, India, and China do better than the Americans are doing in the Philippines. If they do not transform, at least they do not conform. The English red-coats, *semper ubique*, line up for service at the establishment, or at the nonconformist Church of his selection, every Sunday morning. Usually there is a volunteer service at the barracks in the evening. One of the pleasures of an American on a circumnavigating tour is to be invited by some major or captain to speak to the men perhaps as late as 9 o'clock in the evening. There you may hear four or five hundred men sing the great hymns of the Church, and they always listen attentively. On all the English boats the captain reads the service Sunday morning, and after repeated hearings we confess to liking it, and thinking it exceedingly fit and appropriate.

We are launched on such an adventure in the Philippines as our fathers could not have foreseen. In all details, save in this of the Sabbath, the experiment has been conducted with such dignity and capacity as to render it unique in colonizing annals. We would that it might have this added grace. To keep one day for meditation, prayer, and the assembling of ourselves together has seemed important to Christianity from its very beginning. There is something in the formality, as England has learned. The Filipino peoples are Christian, and at present they are American. We owe it to our Pacific neighbors, the Chinese and Japanese, and to our wards for the time being, the Filipinos, to conform officially to Protestant type and set them an example of Sabbath observance. Let the Sabbath peace and quiet pervade the islands "like the sweet presence of a good diffused, making the world fairer, life nobler, and the people themselves more reverent and more righteous."

Chapter XII

THE FOURTEENTH AMENDMENT IN THE PHILIPPINES

WHEN Dean C. Worcester, Secretary of the Interior for the Philippine Commission, published his report on "Slavery and Peonage," he issued an indictment against the Philippine Assembly, showed the utter unreliability of Señor Manuel Quezon, the Territorial representative in Congress, and assured his own dismissal from public service in the islands. The Filipino leaders have long been accustomed to speak of the "unpopularity" of the Secretary of the Interior, and yet to him the country is indebted for a clear, straightforward statement of a situation and knowledge of acts against which the Philippine Commission long since decreed penalties. His "unpopularity" will be fully appreciated when it is known that Señor Quezon has loudly and recklessly raised the claim

that there was no such thing as slavery in the provinces, as follows:

"As a Filipino familiar with the facts in the case, I do not hesitate to qualify the letter of Secretary Worcester as being at once false and slanderous. It is false, because there does not exist slavery in the Philippines, or at least in that part of the country subject to the authority of the Philippine Assembly. It is slanderous because it presents the Philippine Assembly by innuendo, if not openly, as a body which countenances slavery.

"Since there is not, and there never was, slavery in the territory inhabited by the Christian Filipinos, which is the part of the Islands subject to the legislative control of the Assembly, this House has refused to concur in the anti-slavery bill passed by the Philippine Commission."

Palawan is one of the provinces "subject to the authority of the Philippine Assembly." It is possible that Señor Quezon is so ignorant of conditions there as to be unaware of the indisputable fact that the Moros of that province held slaves until compelled to give them up by a provincial government carried on under the administrative control of an American Secretary of the Interior, but if so, he

has no rightful claim to be a "Filipino familiar with the facts."

Isabela is a province "subject to the authority of the Philippine Assembly." It differs from Palawan in that the large majority of its inhabitants are Christian Filipinos, and in the further fact that it is organized under the Provincial Government Act, and is therefore not in any way subject to the control of the Secretary of the Interior.

Slavery has been common in this province from the beginning of historic times, and it is common there to-day. Its occurrence is admitted, and the conditions under which it prevails are described in a report by a fellow countryman of Señor Quezon, Señor Francisco Dishoso, who was governor of the province when he made it on September 9, 1903.

The history of this interesting and important document is briefly as follows: On April 28, 1903, the senior inspector of constabulary in Isabela wired the first district chief of constabulary, Manila, that:

"In this province it is a common practice to own slaves. These are bought by proprietarios (property owners.—D. C. W.) from Igorrotes and Calingas who steal same in distant places from

other tribes. Young boys and girls are bought at about 100 pesos, men 30 years old and old women cheaper. When bought, are generally christened and put to work on ranch or in house, and I think generally well treated. In this town a number sold within last few months, and as reported to me, Governor has bought three. Shall I investigate further? Instructions desired.

"(Signed) SORENSON."

The further explanation of the Secretary of the Interior being "unpopular" may be found in the recommendation he made at the end of the fiscal year, June 30, 1912, as follows:

"That for the adequate protection of the non-Christian tribes a final and earnest effort be made to secure the concurrence of the Philippine Assembly in the passage for the territory under the jurisdiction of the Philippine Legislature of an Act identical with, or similar to, Act No. 2071, entitled, 'An Act prohibiting slavery, involuntary servitude, peonage, and the sale or purchase of human beings in the Mountain Province and the Provinces of Nueva Viscaya and Agusan, and providing punishment therefor, and that in the event of failure, the attention of Congress be called to this important matter to the end that it may pass adequate

legislation if it deems such a course in the public interest."

The bill was tabled by the Assembly on January 8, 1913, and Secretary Worcester made his appeal to the Congress at Washington. The new governor-general in his first speech on arrival at Manila promised that the Filipinos were at once to be given a majority of the members of the Insular Commission, and reports of the appointment of a new committee to "investigate" were again made. Meanwhile Congressional attention had been fixed upon this enormity, and the decisions of the Filipino courts were read by American lawyers.

The decision in the Tomas Cabanag case is as follows:

"The Congress of the United States has declared that human slavery shall not exist in these Islands, and while no law, so far as I can discover, has yet been passed either defining slavery in these Islands or affixing a punishment for those who engage in these inhuman practices as dealers, buyers, sellers, or derivers, the facts established in this case show conclusively that the child Jimaya was by the defendant forcibly and by fraud, deceit, and threats, unlawfully deprived of her liberty, and that his object and purpose was an unlawful and illegal

one, to wit, the sale of the child for money into human slavery. This constitutes the crime of illegal detention defined and penalized by article 481 of the Penal Code, and this court finds the defendant guilty as charged in the information."

On appeal from the judgment of the court of first instance by the defendant, although it was conclusively shown that the child Jimaya had been forcibly taken from the possession of her grandmother Oltagon, who was exercising lawful and proper guardianship of the child, and that the child was sold to a certain Mareano Lopez, yet the appellate court held that the acts complained of did not constitute a crime and could not be prosecuted within the realm of criminal law without an act of Legislature. The language of the court is herewith appended:

"To sum up this case, there is no proof of slavery or even of involuntary servitude, inasmuch as it has not been clearly shown that the child has been disposed of against the will of her grandmother or has been taken altogether out of her control. If the facts in this respect be interpreted otherwise, *there is no law applicable here, either of the United States or of the Archipelago, punishing slavery as a crime.* The child was not physically

confined or restrained so as to sustain a conviction for illegal detention, nor are the acts of the accused brought within any of the provisions of the law for the punishment of offenses against minors; consequently the conviction in this case must be reversed, in accordance with the recommendation of the attorney-general, with costs *de oficio*, and the prisoner is acquitted."

This decision allowed native judges in courts of the first instance all the latitude they required in order to conform to the wishes of the cacique.

Then the great religious weeklies of the country began to speak; an article in the *Christian Advocate* bearing upon the subject was sent direct to the President, and forthwith, to the great credit of the new Administration, the penal clauses were enacted by the Philippine Assembly. It was not self-government, rather it was government from Washington; but it was a moral issue, upon which no one, much less the President, would hesitate for one moment. Perhaps the new governor-general, crediting as he does his appointment to Señor Quezon, could not do less than dismiss a man who would unhesitatingly blurt out the truth, even in the face of the Territorial representative, who be-

longs to the dominant party, and who is eager to be the head of the new Republic, in his opinion about to be established. That men of his class and character will control in any government established, is the tremendous and unassailable argument for maintaining the *status quo*.

The existence of slavery and peonage for several centuries in the Islands is the greatest single problem confronting the Government in its attempt to build up in the Islands a respectable and responsible electorate through whom responsible government may be established. The situation grows out of the ancient régime. Then the king, don, baron, cacique, or boss had the right to any and all kinds of service from his retainers. They tilled his fields, ran his errands, and submitted to his caprices in every particular. The degeneracy of this titular lord, and the deterioration of whole peoples thereby resulting, is too well known to the sociologists to need statement. This feudal lord persisted in the Philippines until the American occupation, has persisted since that time until now, without the consent or knowledge of the American people, and, unless the electorate are intelligent and persistent in their watch of Filipino events, is likely long to

continue. Even with all the restraints of law a weak and degraded people, not knowing their rights, and powerless to enforce them against the customs and precedents of hundreds of years, would long remain enslaved in fact, if free in name.

The multiplicity of cases requires an explanation. They are about as follows: A man in petty financial straits would borrow ten or fifteen pesos, giving as security for the repayment of the money his boy, more frequently his girl, age from twelve to sixteen years. The pawn changed residence and worked for the lender until the debt was paid. As is often the case in America, the debt increased rather than diminished. Perhaps the girl or girls disappeared. It happened that way often. That ended the obligation, and the debt was canceled. Or suppose it was a boy, and he ran away. Trumped-up charges of theft, larceny, or assault were filed against him, and over to Bilibid, the State's prison, he went, unless he was willing to return to work. There were a discreditable number of Filipino judges of the first instance who were ready to oblige a cacique in such a simple matter. The length to which these cases go is maddening. There is one where the poor Filipino was protected

by the laws passed by the Philippine Commission for the non-Christian provinces. To evade this protection the poor fellow was baptized; the candidate was willing to receive baptism in the hope that it would better his condition, and the owner arranged it on the supposition that the lack of law for the Christian provinces would hold after the slave was baptized. And it did avail until the appellate court ruled that the mere act of baptizing a provincial heathen did not cost him the protection of the law for the non-Christian provinces.

The refusal of the Filipino Assembly four times to pass these bills is a sure index of the actual state of affairs. It is easy, therefore, to understand the solicitude with which men conversant with Filipino affairs view the granting of a majority in the Philippine Commission to the natives. The present Legislature consists of two Houses, an Assembly of eighty-four Filipino members, representing thirty-four provinces, and the Philippine Commission, an appointive body of nine members. Five of these latter have hitherto been Americans, all of whom, except the governor-general, have held administrative portfolios. The two Houses have equal power; either may initiate a bill, but affirmative

action is required by both in order to pass a bill. It is evident that before so vital a change was made there should have been a careful study of the bills passed by the Assembly, and refused passage by the Commission, and likewise the bills passed by the Commission and refused passage by the Assembly. The one passed by the Commission and four times refused passage by the Assembly concerning peonage and slavery has already been referred to. There are others emanating from the Assembly and refused passage by the Commission because they were dangerous, some even imperiling the stability and effectiveness of the Government.

Then the original Act of Congress retained for the Commission exclusive authority over the non-Christian tribes, who had been the greatest sufferers by peonage and slavery. It was unquestionably the purpose of the Congress to keep the control of these more than a million unoffending, backward people in the hands of those who could be relied upon neither to exploit them nor to delay their progress to civilized equality.

Heretofore it has been the policy to give these wild tribesmen and the poor Filipinos who make up the bulk of the population all possible aid in

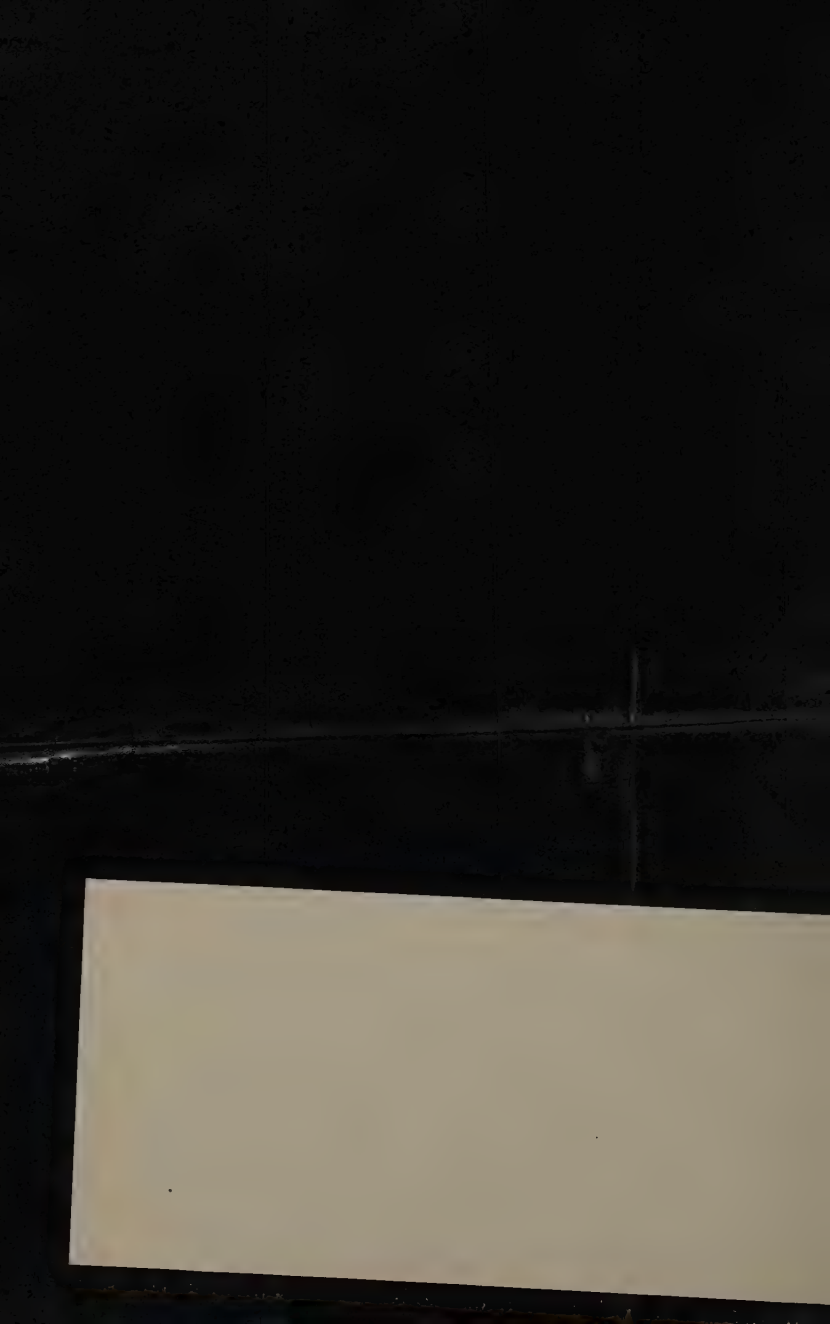
securing homesteads and in the purchase of the small tracts with which they were satisfied. The policy of the Government has been to help all to become landholders. But the rich *illustrados,* or landholders, do not want this to occur. They prefer that these people should remain tenants on their large holdings, practically in a state of peonage. They have heretofore sought to mislead the people as to their rights, and have opposed them when they sought free homesteads. One of the first removals ordered by the new governor-general was that of Captain Sleeper, who had greatly interested himself in instructing the poor and ignorant as to their rights, and assisting them to maintain those rights. By so doing the captain had made himself extremely unpopular with the rich landholders, and his successor, a Filipino, will find it exceedingly hard to stand up against the pressure brought by these men. The Friar lands, which have been frequently mentioned in America, are under the control of this same bureau, and, as in the case of the public lands, wealthy Filipinos wrongfully claim these lands and have repeatedly tried to prevent poor people from purchasing holdings therein, thus keeping them tenants on their own estates.

These lands are plainly the best in the Islands. The Filipino appointed to this great office says he knows nothing about it, and every true friend of democracy must view with the gravest concern the placing of such a trust in the hands of a man avowedly ignorant of his duties. The office to which he has been appointed is the single barrier between a rich and autocratic land-holding class and millions of weak, poor, and ignorant Filipinos, whose efforts to improve their condition have been long viewed with disgust. Irreparable damage is sure to be inflicted upon the work of this bureau. The removals were strictly political, and on the authority of Dr. D. C. Worcester (we quote from him as reported in the Manila *Cable News*): "I was informed that the governor-general had cabled Washington for advice as to how far he could go with removals without violating the letter of the Philippine service act. While *en route* to the Islands he gave out an interview in which he stated in effect that for years he had seen Democrats badly treated as such, and took sardonic pleasure in now being able to accord similar treatment to the Republicans." Nothing seems to be wanting to justify the mot passed around to the effect that

"the day Tammany Hall lost control in New York City it acquired control in Manila." Hitherto the Philippine service has been remarkably free from such spoilsmen; nobody has stopped to inquire what were the politics of any governor-general or other official. Two of the governor-generals were Democrats, and the head of the bureau of education upon the arrival of the present governor-general was a Democrat. It is only proper that the governor-general should have men in the highest administrative offices in full sympathy with his political views, but the removal of expert bureau chiefs, who are occupied with the efficient and economic performance of the work of the Government, will result in quick disaster.

With the reductions of salaries affecting Americans, and the refusal to allow leave of absence, customary so as to allow the return of the employees to America, we have little to say. The bureau of printing will illustrate the method of displacing men by salary reduction. This bureau had always been a matter of pride to the insular government. The director had from the outset used it as an opportunity for training the Filipinos, making it a great industrial school, and fitting

The statement in the last sentence on page 207 is in error. At this date there are fifteen American Veterinarians on duty in the Islands.



many young men for remunerative employment. Ninety-five per cent of those employed were Filipinos. With the arrival of the new governor-general rumors of sweeping reductions in salary became current, and some Americans entitled to promotion became alarmed, and after consulting the director sent a telegram to the President, protesting against such reduction, and without consulting the director sent another telegram to the president of the Assembly. For this the director was summarily removed. Nor can this be credited, as some try to assume, to the influence of the Roman Catholic Church. Father Algue, the famous director of the Island weather bureau, appeared before the Upper Assembly and in an address characterized by dignity and force showed how destructive of efficiency and unfortunate in its effects would be the adoption of the Assembly's proposals for sweeping salary reductions to the expert Americans employed by the Insular Government. Economy is always in order, but irresponsible slashing can continue only with serious danger. The last three American veterinarians have just left the Islands, and the fight against *rinderpest* is wholly in native control.

The recent Filipinization of the Manila streets is illustrative of the seething disorder in the leaders of the people. On a certain day at the meeting of the municipal board, Sr. Arellano introduced the following interesting and unique communication to his fellow members:

"I have the honor to submit to your consideration, in interpretation of the vehement desires of the Filipino people, in order to do honor to its illustrious men as an example to present and future generations, the changes of the names of the following streets;"

and following with the change of the names of eleven streets. The name given to one was that of a Filipino priest, Padre Burgos, who, in company with two others, was garroted by the Spaniards in 1872; another name assigned was that of Andres Bonifacio, the founder of the Ratipunan Society, while a third was that of General Luna, a leading figure after Aguinaldo in the insurrection, which cost so many American lives. The confusion occasioned by such lightning changes in a city like Manila may well be understood. It is indicative of the ferment going on in the minds of a mestizo people, not needing more government by the men

who have exploited them, but by those who will not be a party to their exploitation. It is

> "The cry of those ye humor,
> How slowly toward the light."

It matters little who is the governor-general, but every time an earnest American is displaced, unless there is a competent Filipino to take his place, whether the displacement comes through direct removal or by the reduction of his salary beyond the living rate, is aiding to rivet again those fetters of prejudice and ignorance upon which serfdom is based, and is serving to undo the work which America has undertaken in the Islands. Our American experience in what we are wont to call "reconstruction" should advise us that the men who enforce the law need to be looked to as well as the law itself. The Assembly has accomplished a late but great justice by its penal clauses making effective the Fourteenth Amendment. As Bishop Oldham has said, "Custombre is the most powerful and dominating word in the uneducated Filipino's vocabulary." The same is true of the Jefe and Ilustrado. They rely upon it to continue injustice. Now to persuade these latter that such

practices are inhuman, and to abandon them, not because they are brutally forbidden by law, but because they freely elect to do them no longer; and to persuade the former that they act unworthily when they consent to serve as peons and slaves, and that intelligence, self-support, and self-control are the sure steps to independence, is the romantic objective toward which the American occupation should strive. Until this appreciation of personal rights and interests is largely shared by all the people, and until the dangers inhering in further exploitation of the people is fully realized by the wealthier classes, the presence of more, not less, American teachers, bureau officials, clergymen, and technical experts is needed in the Islands.

Chapter XIII

FUNERAL, FEAST, AND FUNCTION

THE seven hundred thousand Igorrotes, Ifugaos, and related tribes in the Mountain Province of Luzon have made great progress since the American occupation. War, pestilence, and famine—the three checks on growth of population—have been brought under practical control by the Americans. These mountain natives are fitted for industrial control and agricultural occupations, and are the principal laborers for railroad construction. They are unique in their wearing apparel, funerals, and feasts. The G-string is simplicity of dress reduced to a minimum, and but for the wild barbarities of feasts and funerals, might pass for economy and frugality on the part of these simple-hearted folk unskillful with needle and loom.

Of course we attended the Annual Canyao—Igorrote for feast—given by the Country Club at Baguio, where four tribes vied in their dances; where rice and fish were served by kettles-full to

the natives, and salad and sandwiches to the army officers, educators, and civilians. They call that a canyao, adopting the native word; but after all it is an American social function, and not even a parody upon the genuine native feast.

The *Teachers' Assembly Herald* on the day of our arrival in Baguio recounted that the funeral of a distinguished Igorrote would soon occur, as his body had already been smoked for twenty-six days. He was a man of years and property. At least two of his grandsons are attending school in the United States. The body, which was to be interred, had on decease been elevated to a sitting position on a rude frame, some six feet high, and a slow fire to the degree of a smudge kept underneath for almost four weeks. The body was dried, smoked, and shriveled, and ghastly and gruesome it awaited rude interment. Meanwhile the mourners ate the swine, goats, and dogs of the estate. Those who know what a funeral in Massachusetts or Pennsylvania was two hundred and fifty years ago, will speak with hesitation in calling it a barbarity in the mountain provinces of Luzon. Our own great-grandsires were those sepultured.

Perhaps eight hours elapsed between the funeral

and the feast, and no doubt that a majority of those who feasted at the canyao had mourned at the funeral. Meanwhile our party—the second assistant of the bureau of education, who had assigned himself as guide and interpreter; a major in the constabulary, the professor of History in Columbia University, and his wife, with others—had visited a locally celebrated missionary school whose industrial work was on display and for sale at the Teachers' Conference camp. After fifteen kilometers of horseback riding we came, as the sun was rapidly sinking beyond the mountain to the ocean, to a tent pitched about 300 yards from the highway, about which an aggregation of swine, dogs, goats, and mourners from the funeral were gathered. We were offered hospitality in the form of rice-brewed beer, and the bureau of education representative lifted the flap of the tent and pulled out two men who were still in a stupor of inebriety following the funeral. They began to beat a tom-tom, meanwhile keeping step to their own time moving in a circle. Then a woman with a baby whose feet were fastened in a belt at her waist, joined the movement. The canyao, it seems, was in celebration of the baby having recovered from a sickness.

Then others joined until perhaps eight or ten participated in the dance. The din was increased by other tom-toms, shouts, and the crooning of songs. Then, as the revelry "waxed toward" a wassail, a sort of pulque was passed about, and the Americans contributed a peso each, approximately, for the festivities. There was perfect propriety in this, as the foreigners had come upon their own invitation. Then rose the squealing of a lean, razor-backed pig, which was half driven, half dragged by ropes fastened to the legs, ears, and snout into the charmed circle. Shoats of that height in Iowa would weigh 350 pounds. This of the mountain province could run like a thoroughbred, and scarcely weighed 120 pounds. The porker was tripped and securely pegged down on its right side. Then the master of ceremonies appeared with a bolo, a hammer, and a long, wire spike. With the bolo he dexterously cut two sides of a small square in the skin over the heart, and then flayed it, half ripping, half cutting it from the flesh beneath. Then he drove the spike through this flayed space into the heart of the pig, which continued to squeal even after the spike had reached its vitals. The flap of the skin was then deftly folded over the

A Manila Sunset.

wound after the spike was withdrawn, so that the cadaver might retain all the blood. The goat was to come next, and the dog, the chosen morsel, last. We did not care to see a like operation upon the dog; a poor cur, suggestive of fleas, sorrel in color, and mangy; and left while the goat was being brought forward. We rode our ponies home in the gathering darkness, debating among ourselves the question of independence for such a primitive population. Either the Tagalogs would exploit them, sell many of them into slavery, or more likely those lithe and athletic tribesmen from the north and the Moros from the south would utterly overwhelm the Tagalogs, sacking Manila and making wassail along the Pasig, as Alaric the Goth and Attila the Hun reveled in the palaces of Aventinus.

It is with some trepidation that we nominate the great international outpouring of men and women of all nationalities and conditions on the day of prayer for China as a "function." It was a strange prayer-meeting, and we doubt if in all the circle of the sun elsewhere as large, animated, and cosmopolitan an assembly waited upon the Deity in prayer and felicitation over the new Republic. The

news by the Associated Press despatches preferring the request of the Chinese cabinet for the prayers of all Christians in the Ancient Empire for the success and perpetuity of the new order occasioned great interest. Bishop William Perry Eveland, showing the true elements of leadership, at once called upon Governor-General Forbes and Major-General Bell of the army, pointing out the opportunity for a great civic-religious gathering in the Greek Auditorium, Camp John Hay. Major-General Bell, who is diplomatist, publicist, and military genius combined, at once took the burden of arrangements, sent for the Chinese Consul-General, forwarded personal invitations by orderlies to the department heads, instructed Chaplain Smith from Corregidor to be present, ordered out the regimental bands, invited Bishop William Perry Eveland to preside, Governor-General Forbes to introduce him, and with military directness assigned Dr. Geo. William Wright and this writer for "remarks," not forgetting a friendly nod to the Chinese, who were servants about the camp to the number of sixty, to whom he assigned seats on the platform.

The Sabbath afternoon dawned in beautiful

Baguio splendor. The seats were crowded; the colonels and majors were out in full force—

"Great is vermilion splashed with gold."

Eighty Igorrote girls from Mrs. Kelly's School grouped themselves on the outer rim of seats, and civilians by the hundred filled the vacant spaces, standing to hear the Scriptures, prayers, and addresses. The spirit of the occasion left nothing to be desired. One found himself wishing that some clergymen who dawdle and drone through an unlimitable list of services, notices, and preliminary "remarks" could serve as chaplain in one of the Island regiments long enough to learn the value of precision, penetration, and terminal facilities. General Bell himself was drafted by Bishop Eveland for the concluding word, alluding to Bret Harte's personal explanation that he wrote the poem

"For ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,"

without any thought that it really represented the Chinese, and voiced his often expressed regret at the inapplicable though friendly lines.

Dr. Wright spoke on the unifying and clarifying energy of prayer, and concluded his deeply spiritual address with the lines of Tennyson:

> "For thus the whole round world is every way
> Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

There are two great events happening within the lifetime of the new generation which have served to cement the friendship of China and the United States. The first was the appointment of Anson Burlingame as minister to China in 1861, and the treaty which he afterwards negotiated with the United States as plenipotentiary of China. By this treaty China first claimed the right and assumed the responsibility of a nation according to the standards of international law.

The other event was the maintenance inviolate of Chinese territory following the Boxer uprising, largely due to the diplomatic representations of Secretary of State John Hay and the return to the impoverished Chinese treasury of the balance of the Chinese indemnity not used in liquidating *bona fide* American claims for damages arising out of the insurrection. This exhibition of honor and good faith served to give wide publicity to the

rapacity of other nations, and deepened the respect and esteem in which the United States was held by the Chinese Government. Then, coincident with increasing intercommunication, the growth of the press, the spread of the English language, and the rising tide of democracy came the proclamation of the Chinese Republic and the appeal for the prayers of its own Christian citizens. Whatever the motive, whether diplomatic or religious, inspiring the request, it must take final rank as of great moment. Men are bound in friendship to those for whom they pray, and rally to the support of those in whose interest they besiege the throne of grace.

"Yes, pray for Him thou lovest, if uncounted wealth were thine:
The treasures of the mighty deep, the riches of the mine;
Thou couldst not to a faithful friend a dearer gift impart
Than the earnest consecration of a deeply prayerful heart."

It was altogether appropriate that such an appeal should be made to the loyalty of large numbers of its citizens who by the profession of Christianity had conformed to Western language, law, and religion, and by their very habit of life were

pledging themselves to the practice of equality. But quite as basic was the appeal that Christianity makes to the strongest races—to the men who have force and courage in their blood. A weak race debases Christianity, and can not stand up under its hard duties. But because the Chinese are a sturdy race they must have a strong faith. They are a hardy stock, greatly differing from the Oriental populations west and south of China, or from the Malays in Japan and the Philippines. The same open door that let the nations into China let them out, and they have gone everywhere on earth. The Chinese live under the equator like a Malay, and bear snowstorm and zero weather like a Canadian or a Cossack. Only America can save the Philippines from him. He already monopolizes the business of the Islands. The quality of his manhood and the fiber of his character may be suggested by an allusion to his history. Of the nations that filled great place in the ancient world, but two remain. The Hebrew, oldest branch of the Semitic stock, still preserves his name and memory, though land and temple were torn from him in 70 A. D. But China is the same old China of five millienniums. He occupies in our day the same

soil where for one hundred and sixty generations the Chinese have lived and died. From this soil great migrations poured out, led by men like Tamerlane and Ghengis Khan. The fate of every other nation has not passed upon China, and now this "graybeard" has not only adopted Western civilization, with its steam engines, electric lights, and wireless telegraphy, but has cut off its queues, abolished the Manchu monarchy, and adopted a republic.

Intellectually the Chinese are as striking as they are physically and historically commanding. His syllogism is efficient, and he submits its fundamental to scientific verification. He comes slowly to his conclusions, but once reached, they are the same to which any logician would come, given the same premises. The mariner's compass, gunpowder, and the art of printing are ancient with him. Real world-progress is impossible without every nation's participation. Christianity can not be safe in Asia or in the world with such a mass unleavened as that warren of unnumbered millions, seething like a caldron, effervescing like fermenting yeast, and running over on the edges like a huge pan of dough.

It is a modern wonder of the world, irresistibly

novel, that China, the ancient of days, has come to the penitent form and asked for "prayers." Now, while he is in the enthusiasm and faith of his modern youth, yet tender to impressions, and plastic to a master's hand, our Island Americans, his nearest neighbors, whose methods and ideals he strives to attain with imitative exactness, met and spoke hopefully of his new government, and flung out the banner of his new republic. The solemn hush of prayer, the moving panorama of soldiers and civilians, the beat of bands, and the deep notes of thousands of human voices, with the Mongolian faces that filled the platform of the Greek Theater at Baguio, will long remain to those who saw it, one of the most magnetic visions that set the soul into a subtle yearning for America, for China, and for the Kingdom of God.

Chapter XIV

THE MODERN ANTONY

SHAKESPEARE saw in Mark Antony the Roman Empire corrupted by the sensual, enervating, and luxurious East. Insidious as the rust which gnaws through the steel keel of a warship, as corrosive as the saline particles which make a desert, as the ants which eat out the heart of a library, the great virtues of Antony—work, courage, faith, and honor—were eaten out by sensuality and the indolence, gluttony, and drunkenness that are so often in fact associated with it. Cleopatra, the woman, makes his life the quintessence of tragedy. The "Vampire," by Kipling, has a touch of hysteria, which saves women from taking it too much to heart; "Becky Sharp," by Thackeray, is a great achievement in satire; but the recital of Cleopatra's influence over Antony, as though Shakespeare had a sense of personal pain, and as though Cleopatra were the woman of the sonnets, makes it the bitterest thing ever written by man

against woman. All recrimination between the sexes must be one-sided, and yet that does not break the murderous force of this arraignment. You can not study Antony too often; his is a poison-story like "Macbeth." Lust infected the veins of the princely Antony, and he became bloated and gangrened; like Hamlet, he resolves and re-resolves, and, like Samson, is doomed to betrayal and self-destruction.

Cleopatra in the drama represents the Orient, and in modern life specifies the cities and colonies where, without the restraints of home, publicity, and religion, men meet the assaults upon their purity, thrust upon each in turn from the beginning of time. In Shakespeare's play, as in the actual chronicle, there is luxury and an oozing plethora of food, drink, and equipage; the banquets would bankrupt a province. In modern fact the foreigners, who, like Grill in the bower of Acrasia "Serves his brutish ways," are comparatively rich, while the woman is poor. In everything else the parallel is perfect. Antony throwing away his empire at the command of a Circe, is a present-day tragedy and, like the Book of Proverbs, will bear study by men of affairs, statesmen, and educators.

The tragedy is still on the boards in Algiers, Egypt, India, the Malay Peninsula, Java, and the Philippines. Perhaps it would be better to say that it always goes on where superior races touch the near primitive. Only in Germany, England, and the United States is the traffic in girls put under the ban of law.

Whatever low wages may have to do with vice in America, the dreadful poverty of the heathen world makes the strange woman, if less attractive, less abhorrent. Here women are thrown to the young whelps who have inherited money from lions or have grabbed it in the wild forays of commerce and the stock exchange. There, like cats lean and hungry, they hunt men.

The attempt of the ancient Hebrews to keep their blood clean and unmixed is well known. Again and again Israel was warned not to marry with the people of the lands they were to conquer, but to utterly drive out the inhabitants. As they were not to marry with them, they were not to eat with them. They were trying to keep the strain of blood from Abraham clear for the Messiah, is the one explanation given, but in fact it is the earliest recorded protest against that ferine

passion which is evidenced by the Eurasian in India, by the Mestizo of China and the Philippines, and the Mulatto of our own country. It makes civilization blush for its latent savagery. The caste-system in India, though now largely industrial, must have been influenced largely in its early development by these same conditions and by the consequent deterioration of its progeny. The preservation of the Jewish stock as a present racial entity is rooted in the commandments of the old law, disobeyed by individuals, but in the main observed to the perpetuation of long family lines and enduring national life. The ancient royal families, like the modern aristocracies, were slow to learn the validity and obligation of the seventh commandment.

The Dutch, among modern colonizers, have been the worst offenders in the way of lust, though the French and Spanish have little in their record that does not need to be excused. Even the English seem to condone it in the Army officers, and the great trading corporations recommend a "contract girl" to their civilian employees in the Orient, on the supposition that it conduces to a longer term of service. Church and school have likewise suffered, and Christianity now would be really, not

nominally, triumphant in all the East but for this bestial fever. There is less to choose between the illicit and the marriage "contract" than is commonly supposed. On its face the latter seems every way better, but the quarrels, separations, abandonments, and general scandal which the marriage of the American and the native, even in the Philippines, occasions leaves much to be desired. The practice of buying a new girl every year is quite common among both the English and the French, and one American in Hong Kong said he bought a new one every year, so that he would become attached to none, and that he liberally supported his children, paying fifty cents gold per week to the mother of each for the support of the child.

By comparison the Americans have done exceedingly well. The great percentage of our men prove by their bearing and habit of life the honor and self-control that are the patents of democracy and the proofs of independence. The American army officers, in spite of occasional lapses, honor their country. From the highest rank to the newest enlisted man no one has "pull" enough to flaunt decency in the face, and hope to maintain his rank and standing. Court-martial is certain if moral

delinquencies come to public knowledge. Resignation from the service or prompt defense and full exoneration or immediate dismissal are the order of the day. The American teachers are alike creditable. Some under forms of marriage and some doubtless in illicit ways as well, are a reproach to the mothers who bore them and the homeland. But the Bureau of education is as jealous for the American good name as is the army, and on looking over a list of promotions in the bureau, made by the late Frank R. White, director of education, no teacher was included who had married a Filipino woman or with whose good name the tongue of scandal had been properly busy. It may have seemed a hardship in some cases, but such a handicap ought to be borne by any man contracting such a union, formed almost certainly without knowledge on the part of the woman of her abandonment or divorce at the termination of her husband's term of Philippine service. One American thus married and divorced was at Baguio, where the Teachers' Assembly is held. He is protected by the civil service laws, but his resignation, though not formally requested, would find immediate acceptance. The same circumspect life is common

among the subordinates of the Philippine Commission, and it is without doubt the cleanest, most decent body of men engaged in the foreign service of any nationality.

The Spanish, French, and Italian decadence is too well known to need statement or comment. Degeneracy is never a pleasing theme, though Jack London made the decline and fall of a dog the subject of a very attractive book; but that was a reversion to type or, as Darwin would call it, "The Survival of the Fittest." But degeneracy has no outcome, and is therefore avoided. The late Lord Salisbury called Spain a "decadent nation," and the way the noble Dons made faces and shrilled their denials showed that the shot had gone home. The physical rottenness of the Spanish nobility, and the excesses of the dons, padres, and caciques in the Philippines have practically made large segments of the Island peoples a mestizo breed. In "The Call of the Wild" we have the story of a dog stolen by Manuel, the man of all work about the house, who had played the races and lost, sold to a dog buyer. He is throttled by a saloon bum, beaten by an express messenger, and finally reaches a place in an Alaskan mail team. There he fights,

steals, adjusts himself to untoward conditions, and ultimately comes to headship in a pack of wolves, and the Newfoundland strength and shepherd cunning he had from his forbears come to be infiltrated into a snarling, yelping pack under the Arctic circle, who thus become the fittest to survive. But the dog who thus goes to his own would be slandered by any comparison with those who walk on two legs among the poverty-stricken women of alien peoples and, because they are tall and of a goodly countenance, speak one of the European languages, and are thus associated with the pure and austere morals of the Christians, have opportunity to ruin them by scores. Gibbon and London are gentlemen by comparison. Madam de Staël must have known this type of brute when she remarked, "The more I know of men, the better I think of dogs."

Apparently there is no public opinion in the East. It can readily be understood why the missionaries by their very calling would be estopped from openly challenging the insidious vices of their fellow foreigners. These offending officers and civilians are often the one link binding them to home, and hospitalities, fellowships, and common interests,

as well as evangelizing duty, seem to require that they shall not constitute themselves public challengers and monitors of their countrymen. So it comes about that the English and French have been illicit in India, China, and Japan for one hundred and fifty years, and honored at home. Financial misconduct, though occurring on the other side of the world, is frowned upon and is a sure bar to social happiness in either London or Paris. The Newcomes suggest the aversion and ostracism which doubtful monetary conduct entails. Now, if public opinion could be induced to visit like punishment upon moral obliquity, it would at once lose much of its present shamelessness and decrease quantitatively both as fact and example. Press associations, news cables, steamship lines, and the critics which the Germans in China and the Americans in the Philippines naturally become, make publicity easier and infinitely more effective. No laws yet devised are so repressive as the certainty of publicity, and a public opinion that will reprobate as vulgar and criminal the seduction and betrayal of foreign women, whether illicit or under forms of contract marriage, would instantly reduce it to a minimum.

The Philippine Assembly, after four times refusing, has just penalized the barter and sale of slaves and the practice of peonage. The Mann act ought to be extended to the Islands. It took the report of the Secretary of Interior for the Philippine Island Commission to rouse America to its importance, and though the secretary was dismissed and a new Congressional committee appointed to investigate, and the Filipinos given a majority on the commission, the penal clauses were enacted. It is fortunate that President Wilson, to whom the country looks for moral leadership, whether by concession or by private order, secured this penalizing advance. Happily the American people are not compelled to add to the fight against the saloon and political Mormonism a new crusade against slavery in the Philippines.

But the men charged with executive responsibility in any foreign country will need courage and constancy. This is quite as true in the Philippines. If American teachers, civilians, army and navy officers can not altogether be disrated for flagrant vice, at least it should be emphatically known that promotion ceases in cases of separation from or abandonment of Filipino wives. More-

over, offenses by either officers or clergy, instead of being merely whispered about, should be brought to the attention of governmental or ecclesiastical superiors. That will prove that the underlying purpose is decency, and not scandal, and further responsibility would be located. It will also constrain offenders to deport themselves more reputably or be brought up with a sharp turn, either by authority or by public opinion. Democracy creates new wants, calls for better homes, demands schools, and excites its individuals to revolt against filth, squalor, ignorance, and stirs discontent in body, mind, and spirit until they are elevated and disenthralled. Executives more frequently than statutes fail to give the public protection. The study of laws, the declaration of their sphere, and the proclamation of their influence rest upon administrators, whether in Church or State. To them, men cognizant of moral turpitude should make their definite complaint.

We are particularly jealous for the Philippines, where the United States, confessedly a Protestant power of the first magnitude, is in the crucible of a great experiment. The Anglo-Saxon and his language is again associated in the mind of Oriental

peoples with science and democracy. The American is subject to no religious superstitions, supple to no aristocracy, nor will he suffer exploitation by any special interest. His conduct can give the single and sufficient answer to all Mohammedanism and paganism, namely: that he touched the East, and was not contaminated by it. The moral turpitude of the Philippine Assembly will sooner or later dawn upon the American people, and then statutes as broad as the Mann act will be established in the interest of labor and morality.

Perhaps it is only subjective optimism that helps us to rise from a perusal of Antony and Cleopatra, or from a dissertation on the modern Antony, feeling that the world is growing better. It would be impertinent to argue moral progress from material changes and betterments. Some things give us pause; for example, we shall all agree that Antony is high-souled by comparison with the modern "cadet." Tales that come to us with almost certain proof from the days of American slavery equal any dereliction reported of the most debased of our countrymen abroad.

We are none too hopeful about courses of instruction in sex hygiene. The intellectual side is

presented clearly, definitely, and with sufficient detail, but the ethical elements are vague and lack courage. The main effect is information, and not virtue. Knowledge is not moral power. It must be expected, as never before, that the home will teach children eugenics without concentrating attention upon sex details. The new education, which must begin in the home, must be morally earnest and "train the children's character; teach them that purity is noble and possible; that vice is vile, and carries with it punishment; that marriage is inviolable, and that the family is sacred." It must be continued in the denominational colleges, and it should become the objective of many prayer-meetings among boys and young men now carried on by the Young Men's Christian Association. Medical men who sound the warnings of disease are to be encouraged. They answer with increasing acumen the horrid sneer of Mephistopheles, that "man used his reason to become more bestial than the beast." Segregation for venereal diseases, as for smallpox and tuberculosis, is to be justified and anticipated with the progress of civilization.

Chapter XV

AMERICA AND JAPAN

DIFFERENT explanations are made for the sudden change of American public opinion toward Japan. No one questions the fact. California gets credit for raising the issue, and every "leading writer" has his own theory for the veering of public sentiment, that a few short years ago was so appreciative and laudatory. The gallant fight of little Japan against Russia carried American sympathy with it; the precision, skill, and success of the little brown men received unstinted admiration, and the self-restraint and good judgment shown in the conclusion of the Portsmouth treaty helped to confirm the world's high estimate that they were men of peace driven to war, and that they were as skillful in council as they were valiant in arms. To assume that race-prejudice has occasioned the change or to charge it to the wish of California to have servility and inferiority in its immigrants, can not be seriously urged; yet no

less a publicist than one of the editors of the *Outlook* credits it to race-prejudice and says:

"The Japanese have never been servile; that is the secret of the dislike for them felt by Western peoples, accustomed to treat the Oriental as if he were outside the protection of law."

The insignificant number of Japanese settled in California, actually decreased within the last two years, shows that no racial issue of importance really exists. "Baron Chinda's Menace at Washington," "Tokyo Jingoes," "Irresponsible Japanese War-Talk," also come in for enumeration. From a recent weekly we quote a rather able and illuminating paragraph:

"The situation is rendered more serious by the impossibility of expecting Japan to accept any scheme of compromise to save 'face' as she did in the case of the San Francisco school question. The Tokyo foreign office has never been forgiven by the public for accepting this humiliation; and it is strongly felt now that all such deference to race-prejudice never permanently adjusts the difficulty, but only puts off the evil day. Japan has now reached a position in the family of nations where she feels she must take a firm stand for equal treat-

ment or be relegated again to the position of a second-class power."

This is entirely wide of the mark, for one American at least, and we suspect it is for most Americans. Let me testify to the reasons that caused my own change of front. We were just leaving India when we heard of the decision of the Japanese Appellate Court releasing 99 of the 105 Korean Christians convicted for the attempted assassination of the Governor-General of Korea. Beginning with that announcement, we frequently heard the Associated Press reprobated, and the veiled reference to the unreliability of that great news agency was illustrated by the denials oft repeated that "there was no torture" of prisoners. We thought it only the jealousy of rivals. Then we learned that there had been no attempt to assassinate the official in question, and that it was a "frame-up" to give some slight justification for the faithlessness the Japanese foreign office had shown in its promise to maintain Korean independence. In Manila, before the California Legislature really showed any inclination to settle out of hand a question 98 per cent national, we were told again and again that the Japanese were cruel, that they

had veneered over their innate habit of overriding the rights of the weak and the lowly, that they were truly Malay, and that proof of their national honor would need to wait on refusing to torture prisoners to secure a confession, and afterwards convicting suspects on testimony so obtained, and that the Japanese judiciary were plainly under the domination of the Tokyo Government. This was unsettling, to say the least. Then in Japan we saw cartoons appearing in the Japanese papers against Christianity and America, heard the open statement that "the only way to make the Japanese tell the truth is to torture them," and four weeks in the company of men who had sat at the trial of the poor Koreans in whose good faith no less than eight different denominations put implicit trust, completed my own change of attitude. Either my impressionableness to public opinion or these facts about the Japanese themselves, have compelled me to feel that there is a world-wide repudiation of the Japanese State's claim to civilized social equality based upon the barbaric and mediæval practices of torture and of a judiciary subservient to political influence.

Now, equality may relate to many different things; just as there is a flesh man, a muscle man,

a skeleton man, a venous man, a nerve man, and so on for twenty-six different specifications, equality may be of the material, may relate to capacity for self-government or to social acceptance. The first, the question of economic equality, is really no question at all, and what is worth the while is for the political economist, who may wonder at the tremendous taxes that the Japanese endure. The second is continually asserted to be true of several South American countries by the countries themselves, in the public eye at the present time, notably Mexico. As to the latter, any woman can tell us that the only way to get social recognition is to behave yourself, keep your house spick and span, and besides do something that is worth while for the world or for the social set to which you belong. But as to this last and perhaps the most debated "equality," be it remembered that there is a national "four hundred" and likewise an international Mrs. Grundy. Now, it would seem that Uncle Sam introduced the new social aspirant, and saw that several of his good friends at the club "left cards." But Mrs. Grundy has quietly told it about that the Jap aforesaid is a "bounder," that his manners are execrable, that

he tortures prisoners and does not pay his gambling debts, and that, while he may call at the office, the invitations to the soiree are limited in number, and that the Jap is a Malay anyway. Moreover, some friend should tell him that he makes the impression of a before-the-war overseer, who spent his time trying to break into the social round carried on up at the big plantation house. We are told again and again that he is sensitive. Goodness knows he needs to be. It is probably too early in the history of diplomacy to expect ambassadors to tell the plain, unvarnished truth; rather the formula is that of Immanuel Kant, who delimited the prevaricatory frontier by saying that, while he was determined never to falsify, he was determined not to tell uncalled-for truths. But the Tokyo Government may abate its talk about "honor" and may expect suspicion of its declared intentions while the treachery of the Korean annexation is so widely known by men living. They clearly meditate the annexation of a portion of Manchuria on the same terms. Let it be granted that Korea is better off under Japanese rule. That is not the issue. The question before the meeting is Japanese honor; Japan promised Russia, her ar-

mies being in the field, and the United States, who has done so much to secure the new nation welcome at its world council board, to "respect the integrity of Korea." She did not; therefore, as a plain American, my attitude is changed. Baron Chinda, Japanese Ambassador at Washington, called at the Department of State and told Secretary Bryan that a certain Baron Yun (one of the Koreans who had not been released with the ninety-nine convicted of attempting to assassinate the Governor-General of Korea) was not in prison, but was out on bail. Secretary Bryan believed it; a missionary of the Church South is reported to have spent a week's salary cabling Washington, "The Japanese ambassador is mistaken." Now, what is a self-respecting Secretary of State to do? Baron Chinda graduated at De Pauw University, and undoubtedly reported what the Japanese foreign office advised him to announce. The Governor-General of Korea told a committee of missionaries "that the torture of prisoners is against the law, and there has been no torture." They believed him, doubted their own brethren, the evidence of their own senses, and eyed askance the plucky Southerner who precipitated the world knowledge of the enormity by

hiring a lawyer to defend his members and prove the governor-general "mistaken." My theory is that Japan has been arraigned before the tribunal of public opinion, and just as sundry nations have been visiting displeasure upon the Russian grand dukes because of their infamous treatment of the Jews, so Japan is under sentence to wait at the lodge door until some word is returned before it is raised to the sublime degree or takes any new solemn affirmation at the altar of mystery.

But let us get to the trial. The whole East followed it with absorbing interest. From Calcutta to Manila, with shore leave at Rangoon, Penang, Singapore, Hong Kong, and from Manila to Yokohama, off again at Hong Kong and Shanghai, we read carefully, inquired intelligently, and became breathlessly interested in the fate of the other six. It was cruel beyond expression for the poor Korean Christians, but unfortunate to the point of tragedy for the reversal of opinion toward Japan by the civilized world. Incidentally the Associated Press suffered immensely in public confidence; the particular representative of the Press was "decorated" by the Mikado, and that of itself suggests that the new Island empire has gone to school to Machia-

velli; one wonders what it was that caused the New York *Herald* to withdraw its accusation against the Associated Press—pressure or threat to discontinue the news service, probably, though that would hardly seem sufficient for a change of front by the great organ of James Gordon Bennett. The judge who presided at the trial was plainly taking orders from Tokyo. The judge was in a way subordinate, and the Associated Press representative was dismissed.

The Koreans are devotedly patriotic. The Korean court was divided; several factions trying to gain and keep the favor of the prince, born to rule without inheriting the capacity to carry his country through troublous times. Japan's campaign against Russia was carried on with Korea as a base, but under pledge to the United States to respect the independence, renewed later to both the United States and Russia. Then came the annexation, with nation-wide discontent, and precisely the conditions for exciting insurrection and assassination. Then the Marquis of Ito was assassinated in Manchuria by a Korean. The Japanese, knowing that their own treachery was an incitement to insurgency, jumped to the conclusion that

some one was conspiring against the Governor-General of Korea. Their fears and conscience were the basis of their suspicion, and the police got busy to locate the criminals. They arrested 125 Christians, probably because they attended regular prayer-meetings, which the Japanese in their political trespass could not understand.

A police inspector, Kinutomo by name, with an interpreter and a clerk to record their confessions, took these 125 in hand, strung them up by their thumbs, burned the soles of their feet, seared them with red-hot irons, placed them in half standing and half sitting positions, and in seventy-two different, horrible, savage, and brutal ways, for twenty, thirty, or forty days, as was necessary, tortured them until they cried out anything they were told to say. Dozens of them were sent to the hospitals to be treated for their wounds; two died; and the stories having been secured, they were sent before the prosecuting attorney to repeat the story. There they disowned their confessions, saying that they were secured under torture, and forthwith were sent back to the police inspector, who applied the same tortures and told them frankly that if they came back again, and remained recalcitrant, he

would kill them. One Christian, of such high degree that they did not dare to apply physical torture, was compelled to listen for thirty days to the dreadful procedure until he came to believe that, with such a heavy hand upon his less financially and socially important brethren, he would better keep still than to continue the terror by telling the facts. Imagine yourself shut up with Kinutomo, his clerk interpreter, and the instruments of torture at hand. You state that you never participated in an attempt upon the life of the governor-general, that you never heard any of your brethren propose it, nor was it discussed at any of the prayer-meetings or business meetings of the Church you attended. Then this inquisitor gives you his full program; on the fortieth day you are still alive, and you say to him, "Hitherto I have told you the truth, but hereafter I shall answer as you wish." He asks you who was at a certain meeting; you tell him who were there. Then, with a tweak of his deadly iron or rope or fire, he says, "Such a man" (naming him) "was there?" and you say, "Yes." "How many revolvers did they distribute?" You say, "Two hundred." "No; that is too many." Then you change the answer to five.

"That is too few." "Well, then, twenty-seven." "Very good." And so through the details of a "frame-up" involving men, place, and events as remote from fact as could be the participation of readers of this chapter. It continues for one hundred and twenty days. After hearing the details from men who heard the recital in court, their own faces wet with tears as they told it, and my own heart burning with mob violence meanwhile, you may understand that in my thought Kinutomo and Torquemada are in the same class.

In the court of first instance these confessions were assumed to be true, and even in the appellate judicature the court refused to call the doctors and nurses who had attended the sufferers to testify to their wounds and agony, while the chief of police, sword in hand, stood glowering and glaring at the prisoners, trying to keep back the flood of testimony against the police enormities that would out. It is useless to fill up pages with details or argue that such things could remain unknown, and that the judge and the Associated Press representative did not know. The record would have been disgraceful in the tenth century of the Christian era. It is a shame for the civilized world;

"For mankind is one in spirit and an impulse bears along
Round the earth's electric circle the swift blush of right and wrong."

It is idle to talk about Japan being sensitive, and to mention her "honor," and to assume that California raised the issue. The two questions are: What ought to be done to make sure that it will never occur again? and, What shall be done to secure the release of the poor six, who are without friends, protection, or liberty, and caught in the sinuosities of the Oriental mind, which insists that something must be done and some one found guilty in order to "save face?" It is the case of a Japanese Dreyfus, only in far-away Korea there are six of them given over to a Devil's Island, and with no Colonel Picquart, Zola, or Maitre Labori to agitate until justice be done them. The Japanese plainly meditate more serious reprisals against the United States than any educated American is willing at this stage of public opinion to credit. No one six months ago would have credited Huerta with a disposition to challenge American public opinion, and yet he has done it. Autocrats and dictators are slow to learn, and no lesson has yet

been given to the Japanese official classes. They need American sympathy and straight-forward speech on the part of their American friends. Instead of American papers of large influence saying that there has been no torture of Korean Christians, only a little "third-degree" police practice, and that the approval by the supreme court of the guilt of the six finally settles the matter, there should be the unequivocal demand for a rehearing.

People who ought to know told us at Tokyo that torture is practiced regularly in Japan. Let some one tell these little chaps that they have a long way to equality yet. They will need to make such reparation as is in their power; first, try and punish Kinutomo for the murder of two of his countrymen, and second, give more than their mere word that they will not repeat the same treachery toward China.

And so we went to Japan, rode about Nagasaki, admired the inland sea, landed at Kobe for a five-days' trip to Kyoto, Miyanoshita, Kamakura, where the great god Buddha sits and equably "hears the seas and centuries murmur in his ears," and Tokyo; we saw the azalea dance, rode in jinrikishas often, admired the thrift and beauty of the farms, and

saw regiments marching in and out before the imperial palace. Our "boy" told us in rather good English that Japan would land five hundred thousand men in California if we did not give them "their rights." We saw the tombs of the forty-seven Ronins, visited the palaces and temples of the Shoguns, and chaffered over dress goods, Damascene work, and spent an afternoon watching the All-Filipino baseball team play the University of Japan team, Meiji. They are Malay, not Mongol; they are an island empire and, like England, contiguous to a great continent, over which they will undoubtedly exercise the greatest influence; just now they are talking about equality, while the official classes oppress the poor and lay grievous burdens upon their backs. It is a system of exploitation such as is common in other parts of the world, and while it is Oriental, it is not democratic, and the day hastens when some Secretary of State and some great body of missionaries will need to speak the plain truth about this boy of civilization who has been given a rifle and automobile by his folks, and who is now the terror of the neighborhood.

One word of commendation for the plucky mis-

sionary of the Methodist Church South, who could not be silenced nor terrorized. His name is Cook. Across the barriers of States and sections let him have greeting. There goes a man! And this brings me to the word of Robert Louis Stevenson which we have been yearning to say: "The gods have forgiveness for all sins, but heaven itself can not save a man who will not fight."

Chapter XVI

TRANS-PACIFIC

LEAVING Manila by the Pacific Mail is an event equal to a college Commencement or the coming of the circus to town. The bands play, the flags float, and there is something festive in the air. It consumed all Saturday afternoon, when we were supposed to embark, and until Sunday noon. Vice-Governor-General Gilbert drove us down in an auto. He was invited to stay during the Wilson administration, but elected otherwise. With political experience as Congressman and judge; genial, substantial, and diplomatic; knowing every detail of the governing process and every intricacy of the native mind,—he would have been invaluable to the new administration. Mr. Tener, of the Young Men's Christian Association, also waved us off. John R. Mott picked a thoroughbred when he "rounded him up" at the State College at Ames. Our new friends festooned the cabin with flowers and supplied us with books and magazines, not to

mention a formidable-looking Igorrote spear and a fierce bolo. The great ship swung round, and the band played "Home, Sweet Home." Just when we were off we did not care to know, and for hours we sat on deck watching Cavite, Corregidor, and waving at the camp and the bay, happy to be going, yet yearning to stay. The land seems a part of the United States, and having been there, Manila does not seem so far away. It grows corn like Iowa, has big lumber camps like Michigan and Washington, raises sugar like Louisiana. Besides, there we have "dominion over palm and pine."

It was in 1571, when the brilliant star of Spain was fast hastening to its setting, and when the dominion of the sea was passing to Britain because of her insular position, instead of to the Dutch, who might well have hoped to possess it, that Legazpi sailed up this self-same bay and founded Manila. It was a significant date in Spanish history. The position is strategic, the climate is tempered by proximity to the ocean, the mountain provinces, easily accessible, afford relief during the heated term; the soil has a fertility unrivaled, and, surrounded by forests, where grow the solidest and finest woods, Luzon and its city might expect to

dominate the coasts of Asia as England the continent to which it is contiguous. For a few months during the Seven Years' War, Manila was in the hands of the English, but Lord Bute, not knowing its value, scarce its location, and trying to appease the war furies that had been dancing their mad revel, gave it back to Spain. It suffered the slow decay of all the Spanish provinces, and diseased, possessed, deluded, without initiative to achieve its sanitary and economic well-being, and without wish or energy to renounce Spain and become independent, it was a pawn well advanced on the political chess-board, and sure to fall into the hands of the first piece with leisure and disposition to take it.

Whether it is to be rehabilitated and reconstituted, Manila made into the chief city in all the Orient, second perhaps only to Singapore, or whether it is to be allowed to relapse into Central American disorder, dirt, and poverty, be further exploited by its own leaders, and follow the revolutionary history of its kindred provinces, is for the United States to determine. The development of the Islands is so important, as a political and commercial opportunity it may determine the policies to be pursued in half a dozen other coun-

tries, and has proceeded up to this time without political entanglements and on a non-partisan basis, so that even those who helped the new administration into power can not but regret that the first appointments by the new Governor-General seem purely political, and that the first announced policy appears to be a concession to party malcontents, who first of all are determined to serve themselves. Those who opposed the Nicaragua treaty because it would retain the present government in power in that Central American State will favor the abandonment of the Philippines. To others that treaty seems to express the comity and fraternal relations which ought to obtain among all the Western Continent republics, and they would regard the withdrawal from the Islands as hesitating to proceed with a plain moral duty laid upon the United States by the Providence of events. Every American and European visitor we met seemed to maintain the latter attitude. Bishop Brent aligned himself with this group when he said that the effort of America should be "not to rid herself of a difficulty, but to rise to an opportunity and to render a service."

How perilous it is to give the natives control

of the Philippine Commission, is easily understood. American control becomes at once no longer a matter of decision in Manila, but the result of legislative or executive order in Washington. This of itself can not be regarded lightly, but it is of small weight compared to the responsibility involved in giving a large increase of power to the "politicos" who already dominate. The vast majority of the Islanders can not read or write, and have no part in the government by voting. A limited group, rich, trained under the Spanish régime, aristocratic, and temperamentally hostile to democracy, now control the government. They are in no sense representative people. With great force Bishop Oldham called the attention of the Lake Mohonk Conference to the tribal ideas which still exist, and the submission of the common people to the tribal leader. This has been degraded by a transfer from the tribal leader, the *cacique*, to the *ilustrado*, the big landowner. The President's new appointees belong to the *ilustrado* class. Jaime C. de Veyra, one of the new commissioners, is a large land holder, and his election to the Assembly was largely by his dependents. Judge Mapa, who has been on the superior court bench, is an-

other *ilustrado*. Giving such men larger power and reducing the representation of Americans trained to consult and submit to the popular will, is not an extension of democracy. To entrust men of such temper and training with the enforcement of laws against peonage and slavery, when they have been practically accustomed to peonage, and to plan an educational policy that shall make the natives self-reliant, self-respecting, and economically independent, or as Secretary of the Interior to administer such laws, is like committing the control of the currency to the bankers, the tariff schedules to the manufacturers, and apportioning police control to the leaders of the underworld. The official reply of the Philippine Assembly to the address of the new governor-general expresses the arrogance of a group of men absorbing to themselves and for themselves emoluments, places, and privileges reserved by democracy for the common good.

The Pacific Mail furnishes a trans-Pacific sailing superior in every way. Only at Hong Kong, where they have fallen in with a time-honored custom of allowing passengers to make their own transfer, were we inclined to criticise. Were it a trans-

fer from one steamship to another, it would be altogether different. We came from Manila to Hong Kong on the *China*, of the Pacific Mail, and there trans-shipped to the *Siberia*, of the Pacific Mail, and though the tenders of the Pacific Mail were making transfers from one steamship to the other, and though we were in the harbor only three hours, the trans-Pacific passengers were all compelled to use Cook's boat or to call a sampan to make the transfer. Such pettiness is unworthy of a great corporation; but that is very little to reproach the management with. We found ourselves wishing that the Chinese gambling game called fan-tan, that was carried on incessantly, could be prohibited. The American officers say that they could not ship a Chinese crew if it were forbidden to gamble. And it is apparent that so long as Americans by the hundreds risk their money on the game it would take an act of Congress to end it. The *Siberia* poked her nose about the bar of the Yangste in a dense fog for twenty hours, trying to get her bearings, but we had time at Shanghai to visit our publishing house, chat with Dr. Gamewell, and call at the Young Men's Christian Association. The international work of the

Young Men's Christian Association, with such conspicuous Associations as are to be found in all the large cities of the Orient, with equipment and methods that remind the young men continually of their life at home, is, next to medical work, the notable success of modern missions. John R. Mott, who is the promoter extraordinary, was offered the post of minister to China by the new administration, but out of loyalty to his work, to the hundreds of young men he has induced to enter the service, and the great business men he has interested in its financial conduct, was compelled to decline. He is Secretary of State, general manager, bishop *de facto*, and vicar of such a Christian work as at present is directed by no other man in Protestant Christianity.

Because the *Siberia* is of American registry, and therefore American soil, we happened upon one of the most interesting incidents of the circumnavigation trip. While we stood on the docks at Yokohama waiting for a lighter to transfer us to the ship we were accosted by one of the young Chinese students sent from China to the Imperial University at Tokyo. His family, it seems, are Cantonese, and his brother, some years his senior,

is a resident of California, and had been back to Canton for a visit. The brothers had not met for twelve years. He was returning to America on the *Siberia*, to which, as it is *de jure* United States territory, the Chinese student was refused admission. By reason of a case of suspected smallpox on the *Siberia*, and the Japanese quarantine regulations, the brother of American citizenship on board was shipbound and could not land. The Tokyo student had been actually maltreated by the Swedish quartermaster and some Japanese coolies because of his persistent attempts to get to the *Siberia*. When the lighter docked we gave the Chinese student our traveling bags, and on approaching the boats he was warned back by the same burly Swede, saying, "Chinks not allowed." I waved my hand and roared back, "He is my boy; let him on." There is an appalling influence possessed by any American with even a slightly developed "habit of command," and the coolies stood back while he boarded. We steamed down the harbor, and as we approached the *Siberia* a long dialogue ensued—in Japanese, though we perfectly understood its import. At the ship's side we were again challenged, but we elbowed the "boy" ahead,

and once more, at the head of the ship's ladder, the quartermaster informed us that "Chinks are prohibited." The same assertiveness, however, carried us by him, and the ship's surgeon, another Cerberus, who was equally definite, but more comprehending, allowed him to pass. He stayed all day with his brother and gave us "the blessing of my ancestors for twenty generations" at parting. But the real joy of the incident is still to be related. Several days out from Yokohama a Chinese banker bound for Wall Street on a financial errand, for capitalizing a Chinese railroad concession, came and sat down by my steamer chair. He told me how the Chinese "boys" on board had informed him of the volunteer service to one of his countrymen, and thanked us for it. He was widely experienced as a traveler, spoke perfect English, and we talked for an hour or more on matters American, Chinese, and personal. As he rose to leave he said in effect: "I am too old to change my religion; I shall die in the faith of my ancestors, but the thing that has made China a republic and will make the Chinese Republic Christian, is the way some of you Americans practice equality."

Though the Pacific is such a broad expanse of

water, the track of vessels is much frequented, and several times we dropped deck golf or shuffle board to watch the passing of some craft Westward ho! Bird Island was in view for several hours, looming at first like some lone obelisk in the waste of waters, then rising grim and tide-beaten as some Monte Christo or St. Helena. There were returning missionaries by the dozen on board, and the heart-to-heart talks we had with them, the detailed accounts of particular missions, specific information of the Chinese Revolution, accounts of the Korean tortures, the Japanese-California controversy, and expectations of speedy return to mission fields after leave of absence, made the journey short and informing. The Sabbaths were observed by preaching services, and Decoration Day was celebrated by an address attended by most of the passengers. The halt at Honolulu gave ample time for calls at the museum, the university, the aquarium, a drive to the mountains, and a dip in the ocean surf. On the second morning we made a round of the churches and had a glimpse of the dethroned queen riding in an old State carriage. Surely the last of the Kamehamehas ought long to be remembered, if for nothing else than the composition of

Aloha Oé. We secured a copy of it at the book-store. The ship's orchestra played it often, and it was always vociferously applauded. The parting from Honolulu, like the sailing from Manila, is almost a civic function. One would think all the town was there. Bishops, consuls, and colonels jostled each other in cheerful good-fellowship. The band played for an hour preceding the departure "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Aloha Oé," and "Home, Sweet Home;" the pelting of friends on the dock with wreaths of flowers thrown from the ship, and the smiling of friends through tears who were long to be separated, makes an indescribable scene. The shadow of it was all forgotten, when some one at our elbow said, "That is where we got our good cigars."

We had been at home ever since leaving Manila, and the run to San Francisco scarcely gave us more than time to pack up our belongings, exchange cards with friends, and tip the "boys." Out of Honolulu, the trade winds at first roughened the sea, so that great green waves beat upon the bows and showered the upper deck, making the promenade exciting; but two days carried us into blue water, and the engineer had to slow down the

powerful turbines so as not to reach San Francisco on Sunday. Bright and early on Monday morning we passed through the Golden Gate, were quickly passed at quarantine, and, catching the exact moment of flood and ebb in the tide, were at the pier.

"Serene, indifferent to fate,
Thou sittest at the Western gate;
Thou seest the white seas fold their tents,
O warder of two continents!
Thou drawest all things, small and great,
To thee beside the Western gate."

Thus wrote Bret Harte of San Francisco. It has rivals now, and Seattle, with an air of decency, respect for law, and without the Chinese quarter which is absolutely disgraceful, will divide the future greatness of the Pacific Coast, if it does not come to supremacy. Then began our almost interminable passing of the customs. We had "certificates of origin," but our baggage was scattered all over the space assigned to the "S"-section of the inspection floor, and we escaped just in time to greet the bishop and a group of preachers at the Book Concern Building. With them was Arthur H. Briggs, once member of the California

Conference; he and Mrs. Briggs carried us off to the Palace Hotel, where they were stopping, having motored up from San Jose, and the afternoon was filled with lunch and dinner and festive hours. Then the Western Pacific, last of the trans-continental routes to be opened, and the only one we had not traveled, bore us down Feather River Cañon, past Salt Lake, through the Royal Gorge, and *home*.